

MAGILL

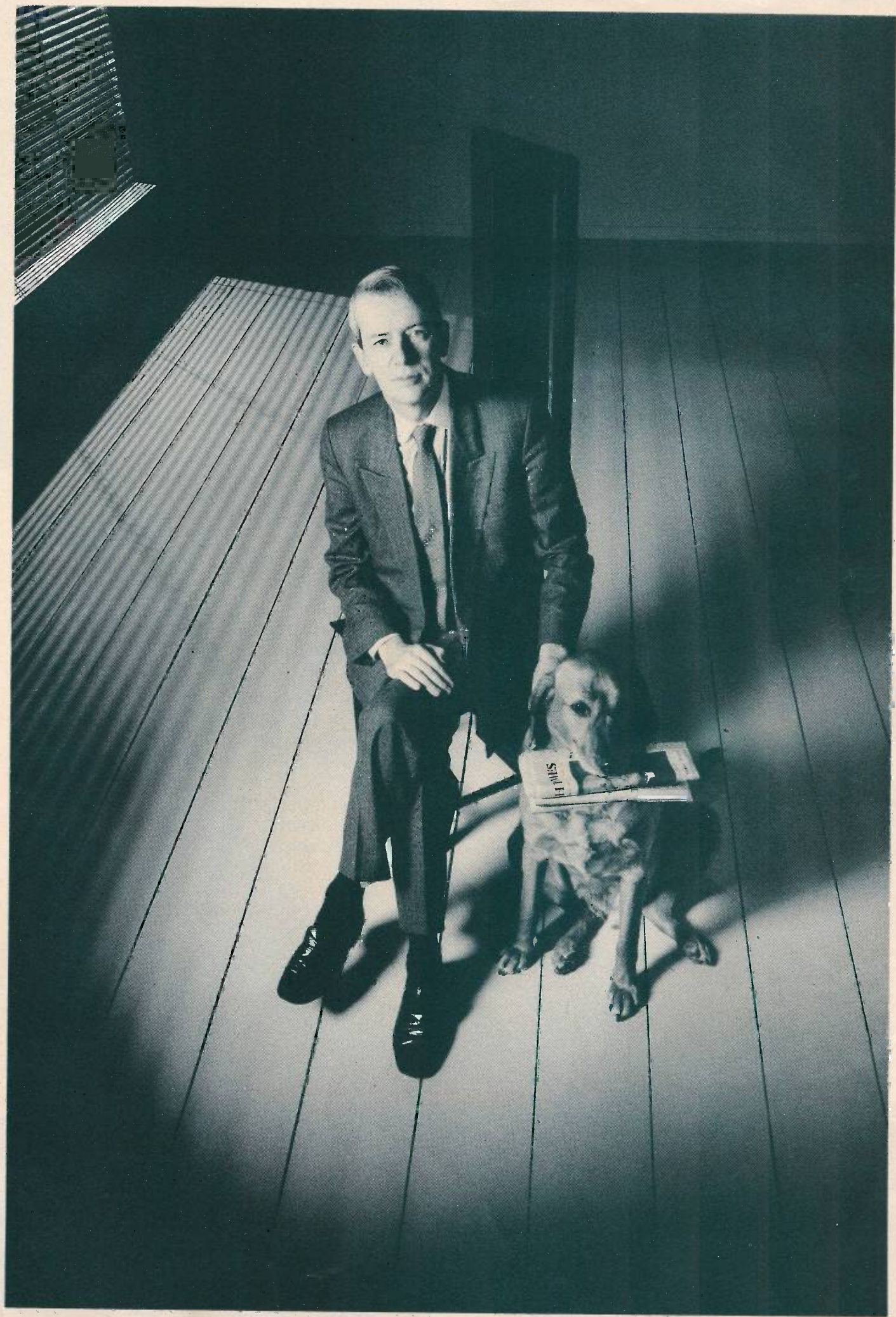


OCTOBER 1988 £1.05 incl. vat / 95p stg

Gibraltar: The Anatomy of an Afternoon

The Haugheyization of Alsn Dukes

Profile of Brendan Kennelly / The Church in West Belfast



"There is no such thing as a business type. They come in all shapes and sizes and reporting about their doings is something I've always found very interesting.

"Business journalism used to be seen as a ghetto and one of the reasons for this was that the reporting of business news tended to be done in a very specialised way which was very intimidating for the ordinary reader. My own background being what it is, I aim to make The Irish Times business journalism accessible to everybody without talking down to the specialists.

"I think if you look at The Irish Times you don't find any sense of holding back. There are no undue pressures on me to write stories in any different way than I would otherwise want to.

"When I began to buy newspapers The Irish Times was the newspaper I bought. I suppose I was looking for serious, heavyweight treatment of the things that interested me. And then, as now, The Irish Times was the paper that delivered on that."

Jim Dunne

Senior Finance Editor

The Irish Times

The Newspaper



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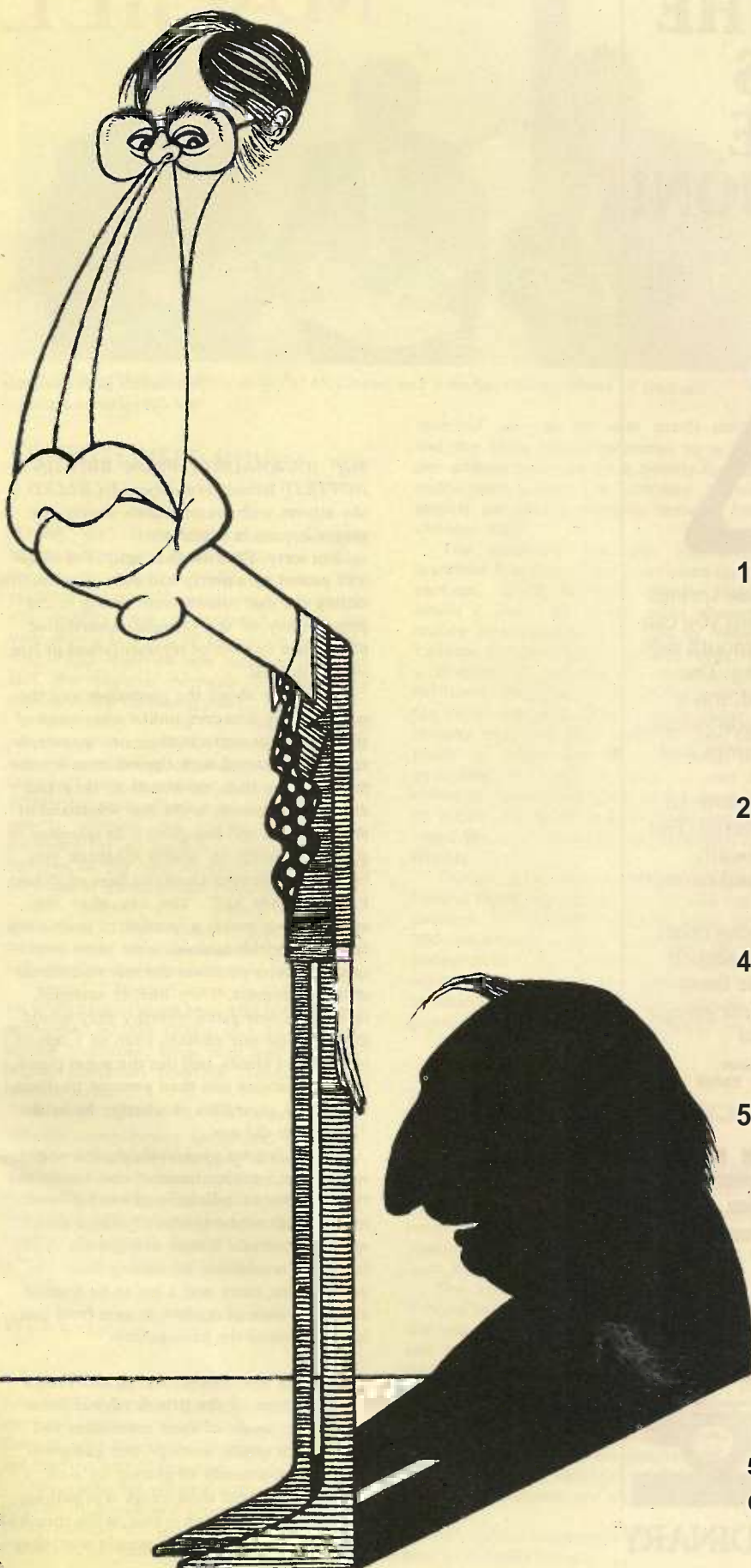
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Cover photo: Derek Speirs/Report

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DRIVE OUT OF THE ORDINARY

MAGILL

*Journalists qu e u e ou tside
the Gibraltar courth ouse.*

TOP JOURNALISTS FROM BRITAIN'S HOTTEST British newspapers **DUELLED** in the streets with water pistols during the recent inquest in Gibraltar.

I'm sorry, I'll write that again, I'm afraid I've picked up a pretty bad dose of tabloiditis during the past month from sitting in the press gallery of the Gibraltar courthouse alongside a number of representatives of Her Majesty's Press.

The story about the journalists and the water pistols, however, unlike what some of the chappies write in their newspapers, is true. It all started with the evidence by the SAS soldiers that, on March 6, they had carried their pistols in the rear waistband of their trousers and had given - or intended, to give, depending on whose evidence you believe - a warning along the lines of, "Halt! Police! Hands up!". The day after this evidence was heard, a number of journalists from the British tabloids were to be seen carrying water pistols in the rear waistbands of their trousers. They had, it emerged, invented a new game whereby they would jump out on one another from all kinds of unexpected places, pull out the water pistol, shout a warning and then proceed to douse the victim, regardless of whether he or she "halted" or did not.

Depending on your outlook, this might seem either harmless or otherwise, but in any event it gives an indication of what goes on in the minds of the species of animal which writes for certain British newspapers. Aside from the revelations emanating from the witness box, there was a lot to be learned about the state of modern Britain from just looking around the press gallery.

THIS WAS MY FIRST REAL CONTACT with members of the British tabloid press. I had been aware of their reputation and their, so to speak, writings, but had never had the opportunity of getting up close. I had imagined that their image was perhaps a slightly distorted one - that, while they had to write certain things in a certain way, they



MINUTES

SLIT SKIRTS AND WATER PISTOLS

BY JOHN WATERS

were mostly decent chaps with a deep sense of irony and a mild cynicism regarding the excesses which the marketplace appears to demand that they write. I had enjoyed the British TV comedy series 'Hot Metal' which depicted the breed as unscrupulous, tasteless and extremely banal, but had imagined that this was exaggeration on the part of the producers, designed to heighten the comic effect.

Now I find that 'Hot Metal' has been nothing but kind to them. In real life, this breed of journalist is like a grotesque caricature of the very worst cartoon versions that I have ever seen attempted. Having conversations with some of them was like talking to real life versions of the newspapers they work for. They talk in exactly the same way they write: short sentences studded with words like "romp" and suchlike - and their politics, if that's not too strong a word, are invariably even more extreme than those espoused by the papers they represent.

ALL THIS MIGHT BE MILDLY FUNNY IF it wasn't for cases like that of Carmen Proetta and others who have fallen victim of the reporting in certain quarters of the British press over the past few years. Earlier this year, after a number of British newspapers had printed serious allegations about Mrs Proetta's private life, in attempts to discredit her testimony about the Gibraltar killings, *Magill* conducted an investigation which revealed that none of the suggestions made about her were remotely true.

The fact that all of this stuff was lies, and known to be lies, did not, however, deter members of Her Majesty's Press. In Gibraltar this month, some of them could frequently be heard boasting that Mrs Proetta would be

"in for more of the same" if she went ahead with her libel suits against certain British papers. One journalist, a *Magill* reporter learned, had booked into a hotel in Spain from where he proceeded to phonecall girls on the half-hour. When each arrived up to his room they were paid for their time and shown photographs of Carmen Proetta and asked if they knew her or whether they had ever known her to work as a prostitute. It will be remembered that one of the allegations made about Mrs Proetta was that she was involved in a call girl agency in Spain. The reporter, however, met with no success in his endeavours.

Another person who was a participant in the inquest is also being targeted by certain papers. A reporter from one of the British newspapers leaned over the balcony one morning, looked straight down into the courtroom at where this individual was standing and muttered loud enough to be heard below, "We've got you! bang on rights, mate". The person in question is also involved in certain allegations against British newspapers, and some of the papers' journalists and photographers have combined their resources to pry into this person's private life. The result, apparently, is a set of photographs showing the person in compromising situations which are to be printed if the action against the newspapers is pursued.

IN CARMEN PROETTA THE NEWSPAPERS may soon find that they have picked on the wrong woman. Many British journalists appeared to be hanging around at the inquest from the second week on, purely for the purpose of attacking her or gloating about what they imagined would be her undoing in the witness box. It was scarcely possible to

suggest in the presence of practically any British journalist covering the inquest that, perhaps, just perhaps, Carmen Proetta may very well have seen what she said she saw. To suggest that she seemed a perfectly honest and pleasant woman was enough to send most of them into fits of apoplexy. The remarks about her which were flying around the press gallery in the weeks before she gave evidence would have been ridiculous and stupid if they weren't also so deeply unjust. It seemed incredible that people so ostensibly intelligent could be so full of such ignorance and prejudice.

In the event, Carmen disappointed them all. She gave her evidence, as she had said she would, with her head held high. She was dignified and self-assured and she looked a million dollars.

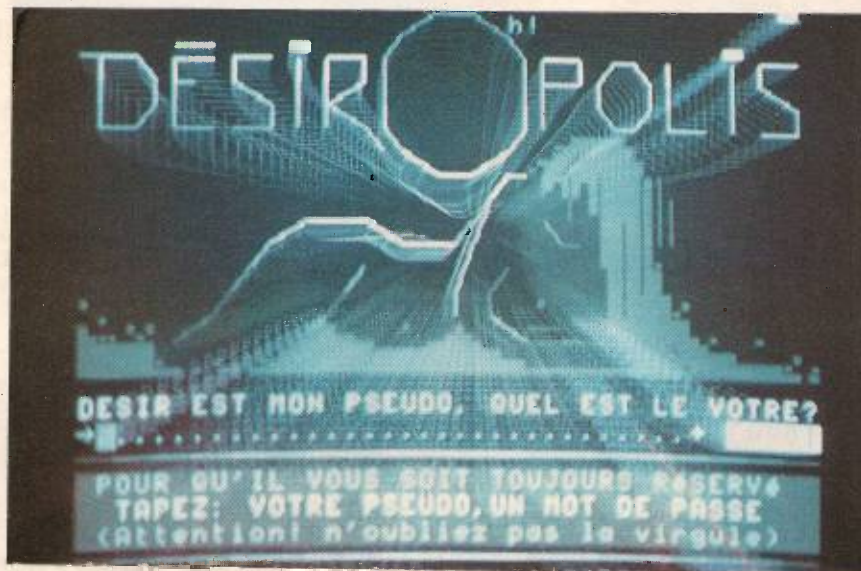
When she had finished, one of the tabloid journalists who had been writing notes of the cross examination got up from his chair with a look of unconcealed disappointment on his face. There was no "story", Carmen Proetta had not been exposed as a liar or a Brit-hater or anything else. She was a normal woman doing her best to recall what she had seen. The reporter looked at her as she stepped from the witness box. In bold letters at the bottom of the page of his notebook, he added, in large capitals, "SLIT SKIRT". That was all he had to show for his three weeks in Gibraltar.

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MAGILL is published by Magill Publications Ltd., 14 Merion Row, Dublin 2. Tel: 610133. Printed by Richview Browne & Nolan, Typesetting by Typebank and Magill. Distributed by Eason & Son, Peddocks in Particular (London). MAGILL accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts.

ISSN 0332-1754

ABC



Terminal Transfer

What will happen if you let Minitel into your home?

IRELAND IS GOING FRENCH. A consortium of companies under RTE presenter Mike Murphy is about to place 10,000 computer-linked services in Irish homes and businesses as part of a pilot project based on the French Minitel system, which after its own pilot scheme ten years ago, now has one terminal in every five homes.

The typical French sitting room is much like any other in Europe. There are knick-knacks, books, furniture and hi-fi; the obligatory TV there, perhaps a video recorder, almost certainly a telephone. But look closer, near the phone and the chances are you'll see a small brown eighteen by twenty-two centimetre box neatly tucked away. Open it up, fold down a keyboard and BINGO!

You're immediately in touch with a possible 7,200 different information and amusement services. From a train time to a weather forecast. From a stock marker, price to a football result. From a recipe to an erotic conversation, it's all at your fingertips and it's getting bigger and better all the time.

The first tentative experiments were planned for 1978, to be held in the Northern city of Rennes and the Paris suburb of Velizy. The former was an obvious choice, all the initial development had been carried out there, and Velizy, because of its status as an enterprise zone with an essentially young and professional population already *au fait* with information, technology and presumably hungry for new possibilities. Fortunately and

unfortunately both locations had strong links with newspaper production - this ensured that the progress of the pilot scheme would be well reported in the media, but a long period of negotiations were needed by the DGT (Director General of Telecom) to persuade and reassure the press that their predicted loss of revenue from their 'petite annonce' columns, (this is one of the most popular Minitel services), would not be as drastic as they at first believed. Meetings were held and concessions granted, and thus in the spring of 1981 the Velizy project was finally realised.

Two important conclusions quickly emerged; firstly that the terminals functioned effectively and the trial public found them 'user friendly'. Secondly, it was clear that people would only use the services if the information was easily obtained and arrived quickly on the screen. The project was deemed a success and that same year a decision was taken to go national and offer a Minitel terminal to every telephone subscribers who wanted one. Three years later a nationwide electronic telephone directory became available. With twenty-three million names, addresses and numbers, it's the world's largest single source of information and it's well on its way to making the cumbersome phone book redundant. The numbers of users grew rapidly and by 1985 three new services a day were being added to the list.

The heavy investment by the DGT and the decision to offer the terminal free to every telephone owner were important. The early tests showed that people would not be interested in lengthy procedures of subscription and complicated methods of payment. The economic logic was to make money from the use of the equipment, not from selling it and to add the charges to the usual telephone bill.

It works like this. Imagine for example you want to buy food for the week ahead. Leave your coat on the hook! Instead pick up the phone, dial 3614, wait for a bip and switch on the Minitel. Tap the supermarket code on the keyboard and you are instantly connected. Give your order and it will be delivered the next day, free of charge. The prices are competitive and you save on time and petrol and of course the service operates twenty-four hours a day.

If you want to check there is enough money in your bank to pay for all this, just tap a different code and your balance appears on the screen, together with all your recent transactions (only available to you!). If this tires you out and you feel that you need a holiday, tap away and you can book the hotel or camping or whatever plus the train, plane or coach to get you there. If you are going to drive, consult the traffic situation, the best of a choice of routes and the weather forecast, consult the traffic situation, the best of a choice of routes and the weather forecast. The uses seem infinite ...

Minitel has, without doubt, been a success. Its ascendancy has cast long shadows over the British Prestel and the German Bildschirmtext

I N D E S K

systems, and the future looks rosy, in fact a little too rosy ... The increase in services has been an explosion in 'Minitel Rose' - the name given to the 'erotic conversation' networks which have mushroomed so prolifically, to the point where the guardians of public morals have started to complain and the Ministry of Interior has been forced to take action.

From the beginning, sociologists warned that this was a likelihood and in 1986 it became a reality. Today around sixty per cent of the forty million Minitel calls per month are for the purpose of a direct dialogue with another Minitelist. All it requires is to dial 3615 on the phone, tap a code plus a pseudonym and you are instantly in a forum of messages where every type of sexual preference is tolerated and catered for, either by paid conversation lists working directly for a service or by other independent users calling from their homes or offices. Hidden behind a pseudonym and conversing with a screen permits a certain bravado which is not possible with the telephone.

As one regular put it "With Minitel you can say I love you, you are beautiful and there is no embarrassment or consequence. You are free to say what you like without risk." But telling someone you love them is the soft end of the spectrum - at the nadir we find prostitution, even paedophilia.

Walk around the centre of Paris and on billboards and cafe windows we see Ulla or Sophie or Sonja or Jasmin leering out beckoning us to call. Be it a sexual horoscope, a fantasy story or an erotic quiz game, Ulla and her friends can deliver. And it is big money too.

Last year Minitel Rose realised more than 80 million and stories of 'Rose addicts' abound. Tapping away through the night, at a cost of 10p a minute, results in astronomical telephone bills.

Inevitably, the politicians have been making mileage out of this - the threat posed to the nation's morals had to be dealt with and a legal wrangle is now underway with the aim of suppressing the erotic services, or at least their advertising. But the Minitel system as a whole is here to stay - and there is nothing sad about that. - Alastair Miller



Colm Henry

The Pantheonisation of U2

U2 are taking themselves very seriously these days, it appears. After the release of the new double album, 'Rattle & Hum' - which they have decided will sell at the price of a single album - the bandwagon and hype will continue with the film (named after the album) and on October 20 the book (named after the album and the film) will be published by Pyramid.

Written by Steve Turner and Peter Williams, the book "documents" U2's Joshua Tree tour of America in 1987. While it is the album and the film that will be of most interest to U2 fans it is the book that will intrigue rock historians and sociologists because it blatantly places U2 within the natural progression of rock from Elvis through the Beatles to the present.

It is one thing for the rock industry to place U2 in their hall of fame, in much the same way that the motor industry produces new models, but it is quite a different thing for U2 to place themselves among rock's pantheon of heroes.

Maybe they would be more accurate placing themselves within the natural progression that has allowed modern rock bands to exploit their commercial assets in a manner that the Beatles and their first manager Brian Epstein were never able to. The merchandising of U2 certainly places them on a lofty pedestal, whether it means that they are part of rock's natural progression is an entirely different question.

Nevertheless the new album will be released on October 10 and will include nine new U2 songs and six live recordings, all of which are featured in the Paramount Pictures film. The live tracks are: 'Helter Skelter' (the Beatles classic from the 'White Album'), 'All Along the Watchtower' (Dylan's song which was recorded by Hendrix), 'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For', 'Silver and Gold', 'Pride' and 'Bullet the Blue Sky'.

The album runs to seventy-two minutes and was produced by Jimmy Iovine. The film will be premiered on October 27. - Roberr Allen

RTE's Multi-Channel Blues

Can the revamped television channel match the satellites?

"RTE HAS OVERCOME THE EROSION OF Irish audiences from the increased availability of British and more recently, satellite channels," Bob Collins, RTE's director of television programmes, announced earlier this month at the launch of Network 2, RTE's, "new style" television channel.

"Despite this increased growth in multi-channel availability, RTE has actually increased its share of multi-channel viewing. We have met the foreign competition and are equally confident of meeting any internal challenge," he stated.

Not everyone would agree. A few days before RTE announced that it was going to revamp the second television channel, with a strong emphasis on sports, films, and specialist arts interests from rock videos to classical ballet, a little heard of audience survey published in London revealed that RTE 2 was watched by just over four per cent of viewers in multi-channel areas or just less than one hour a week.

Of the six broadcast channels RTE 2 came last in popularity and behind satellite channel Sky, owned by media mogul Rupert

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Murdoch, which held at 12.5 per cent, three times the share of RTE 2 and almost half that of RTE 1, which claimed 28.52 per cent.

RTE, unsurprisingly, was quick to discount the survey. But before it put up its arguments it said it couldn't comment because it hadn't seen the survey. Moreover it said it wouldn't be available to it because it was funded by competitors.

Not so. In their own attempt to gain credibility, the satellite channels are only too eager to share the results and in fact one of its research group's key aims is to get publicity for the concept of this research.

Called Petar (Pan European Television Audience Research) it is considered innovative, conceptually, as it attempts to provide uniform data for television viewing all over Europe and for the first time, it included a sample in Ireland.

RTE then came up with its counter arguments. It says its own research shows both national channels in multi-channel (cable) areas have an average forty-five per cent of viewing compared to Petar which puts it down around thirty-three per cent. Petar's claims were "excessive", it claimed. This it put down to methodology. Firstly, it argued, Petar only assessed viewing patterns for a four-week period compared to its more representative meter surveys which electronically measure a six-month period. Secondly, a survey which measures the amount of time spent watching a particular channel naturally produces bias towards channels which are on virtually twenty-four hours a day. RTE 2 doesn't come on until the early evening compared to Sky which broadcasts for twenty hours a day.

Perhaps the most salient features of this research for RTE is the chunk of viewing, taken by UTV and BBC 1. Even if RTE can dispute the exact levels of viewing it is more difficult to discount the proportions, particularly as it is not prepared to issue its own breakdown. Among all viewers over the age of four BBC takes a 21.85 per cent of the audience rising to 28.24 per cent among women between the ages of sixteen and thirty-four, marginally higher than RTE 1 and UTV takes an overall share of 14.86 per cent.

Even if RTE 1 does maintain the lion's share, it knows that it has to perform right across all demographic categories just to maintain present advertising levels (around £45 million a year). It was probably easy to sense that young viewers were attracted by the fare of Sky and MTV (where it is available) and has revamped RTE 2 in accordance.

For the moment RTE is safe enough. Satellite channels offer very any other programming - are short on topical or even controversial programmes, on local programming and on news services.

Although they were denied, the recent rumours that RTE would sell some or all of its eighty per cent share in Cablelink led it to openly admit it would need large investments for new programming to cope with forthcoming competition and it is already planning to tighten its belt with more staff cuts.

- Lisa O'Carroll

Pharmaceutical Problema

An Bord Pleanála is expected to grant an appeal, in the form of an oral hearing, to the objectors to the US multinational Merrell Dow's proposed £30m pharmaceutical plant for Killeagh, east Cork, (as reported in last month's *Magill*).

"It's very likely that an oral hearing will be granted," said a spokesperson for An Bord Pleanála, "given the nature of the development and the unusually large number of appeals which have been received."

However An Bord Pleanála confirmed that a decision hadn't been made yet about the appeal although all the material about the proposed factory and the relevant objections had been received. A decision would be made in the middle of October and, if granted, a date would be set for the hearing "which would be suitable for all the parties involved".

The state planning body confirmed that twenty-one third-party appeals had been received as well as four objections (from people who simply wanted their views recorded). They also confirmed that Merrell Dow, as the first party, had lodged an appeal about the conditions set down by Cork County Council when it passed the planning application, subject to twenty-seven conditions, on August 26.

Meanwhile in east Cork feelings are still running high as the jobs versus the environment battle continues. A new group, the Killeagh Pro-Industry Association, has been set up in support of the plant and in particular the jobs they believe it will bring.

The Womanagh Valley Protection Association Ltd, the group which has opposed the plant, has been criticised in Youghal, where employment is running very high, and there has been dissent over tactics.

The group's refusal to hold a public meeting in Youghal, because they feared that it would not do their case against Merrell Dow any good, has annoyed several local people, who have stressed that the unemployed in Youghal are the very people who should be persuaded to come out against the plant.

There was also criticism about the treatment of a *Cork Examiner* photographer, who was thrown out of a recent public meeting, because the Womanagh group claimed, of his intimidating behaviour. "Can't these people realise that the man was only doing his job, no matter how insensitive it might have been to them," said one local person, who is also opposed to the plant.

- Robert Allen



New Tallaght Evidence

Convictions of Tallaght "toytoers" may be quashed

The revelations in *Magill* last August concerning the case of two Tallaght men convicted of stealing a car in 1984, for which they received five-year prison sentences may lead to an action in the High Court in the coming weeks to have the sentences quashed.

Barristers for the youths, Joseph Grogan (21), who is currently in Mountjoy, and Joseph Meleady (21), who is on the run since his escape from St Patrick's Institution in May 1986, believe that new fingerprint evidence which emerged during a perjury trial last year may seriously undermine the convictions.

The new evidence outlined in *Magill* has led the legal eagles to pursue a habeus corpus application to secure the immediate release of Joseph Grogan pending a retrial.

That will be the third trial which the two youths have experienced, even though three other men claimed to have been in the stolen car on the night of February 24 1984 when the owner Mr Eamon Gavin was viciously assaulted while he lay on the bonnet of his speeding car.

- Frank Connolly



The above postcard is from a set of twenty-eight witty and satirical originals to be published by a new publishing co-op, Spellbound Books, on November 1. Published in conjunction with the Dublin Travellers' Education and Development Group, the Employment Equality Agency, the Irish Family Planning Association, Lesbian Line and Dublin's Well Woman Clinics, the postcards will be launched with two non-sexist children's books.

Their first title is 'A Dollop of Dublin', a colouring A-Z of Dublin, which will be published with an original collection of stories and poems written and illustrated by children for children.

Based in the new Grapevine Arts Centre in Moss Street it is the intention of Spellbound, who comprise of Sue Esterson, Mary O'Carroll and Elizabeth O'Donoghue, to "open up the print medium to people and groups denied access; it and in doing so challenge traditional notions of what constitutes 'literature', 'history' and 'culture'."

- Robert Allen

That Dept. Again!

THE DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN Affairs has not excelled themselves over the case of Chilean prisoner Luis Tricot, whom *Magill* readers will recall was arrested in Santiago in September 1987, six months after his return from fourteen years political exile in Ireland.

When arrested he was accused of complicity in the kidnapping of a military general and of membership of the resistance organisation the Frente Patriótico Manuel Rodríguez. He was beaten and tortured and spent four months in hospital. Now he is charged only with possession of explosives which he denies, claiming that if any devices were found at his home they were planted by the secret police.

As he lived for so long in Ireland, where three of his children were born, the Department of Foreign Affairs were asked to approach the Chilean regime for Luis 'Tito' Tricot Novoa to be returned to exile in Ireland.

In July the Ireland-Chile support group got a reply from the Department about the response of Pinochet's government to the request. According to the Department, 'the response that has now been received is that Chilean law requires that Mr Tricot be sentenced and complete at least half of that sentence before it could be commuted to exile. On a more positive note, we are also informed that a different 'Eiscalia Militar' (prosecutor) was appointed in February to speed up the case'. End of story.

Tricot, meanwhile, shares a cell with four others in a room three metres by one-and-a-half metres with no date for a trial. The military judges have denied his lawyers access to the files. The military courts in any event are not known for giving fair trials to suspected political opponents. A long long sentence awaits Tricot if convicted. Could our Department of Foreign Affairs not think up something that would make it plain to the Chilean dictatorship that the Irish people do not take kindly to seeing one of our own, almost, treated in this shameful manner. Or will they wait until the middle of the next century to write another polite note to the Chileans. At least Pinochet will be gone by then.

Meanwhile Irish politicians attending the plebiscite in Chile, in which Pinochet looks set to be beaten handsomely, have sought permission to visit 'Tito' in prison in Santiago. There hopefully they will receive first-hand reports of the circumstances of his arrest and detention and perhaps exert some pressure on the Chilean authorities on his behalf. Senator Shane Ross and Joe O'Toole are hoping to get such a visit during their trip to oversee voting procedures.

- Frank Connolly

New Drugs Body

Pushers' assets will be the first target under proposed legislation

A COMMITTEE, SET UP BY THE Department of Health to help fight drug abuse will include representatives from the Garda Drug Squad, Custom and Excise officials, and delegates from the Departments of Health, Justice, and Social Welfare. It will have executive powers to recommend measures which it is hoped will stem the flow of drugs into the country and will complement the role of the National Drugs Advisory Board. The Chairman of that Board, Mr. Terry Leyden, Minister for State at the Department of Health, will also act as chairman of the new National Co-ordination Drugs Committee. It will be funded by the National Lottery.

The new Committee's primary concern will be the introduction of measures at sea and airports to inhibit the high level of trafficking. They will also work towards greater coordination internationally, to ensure that, with the opening of European borders in 1992, Ireland does not become a gateway for the international drugs trade.

Among the new Committee's first tasks will be the preparation of legislation to allow for the confiscation of drug dealers' assets. It was feared for a time this might be unconstitutional, but the Attorney General has advised that it is not.

At the moment the main sources of heroin supply to this country are 'runners' or people who pay flying visits to London. Most of the

major godfather figures in the Dublin drug scene have been jailed and others await trial.

Yet the supply seems to be as regular as ever. The primary source is believed to be a colony of addicts from this country based in London's Kilburn suburb. They act as contacts for runners from Ireland, who bring the drugs in through the seaports, particularly it is believed, the North Wall terminus.

Whereas in the past there was a small number of drugs barons coordinating the trade, now there would appear to be hundreds of these runners who bring in small quantities of the drug on each trip - usually for personal use, and as much extra as they can carry for selling.

Garda and Customs officers are generally aware of these people but have no powers to detain them on arrival in the country, although gardai are often tipped off by customs on the arrival of a suspicious individual. The gardai then stake out that individual's residence and raid it some hours after arrival, by which time it is hoped the drug supply will have been removed from the runner's body. These drugs are generally brought in in the carrier's stomach or rectum.

In Britain, Customs have both X-ray and dry toilet facilities to deal with the problem. They also have powers to detain suspects for up to twelve hours, pending the movement of bowels. No such powers exist here. It is also understood that there are a number of rackets

going on involving the supply of cannabis and marijuana as well as heroin to this country. This is believed to be linked to a major drugs figure in Liverpool. It can involve the deposit of waterproof 'packages' of the drugs into Dublin Bay at the mouth of the Liffey en route to the North Wall, for instance. Occasionally these packages are attached to buoys in the harbour. These are then picked up later by small craft, or occasionally from nearby strands. It is also believed some bring in heroin in Jamaica rum bottles. A condom filled with the drug is shoved into the neck of the bottle and because of the dark colour of the rum is not noticed at customs.

Recently three B&I staff operating out of the North Wall were charged with possession of cannabis for the purposes of supply. In 1985, the largest haul of heroin in this country involved another B&I employee. Staff employed on ships and airplanes are not subject to customs checks.

Another area of drug smuggling which the gardai are believed to be turning to concerns the supply of cocaine to this country. Regarded as a white collar drug, this is believed to enter the country mainly through the airports. There are as yet no real indications of the level of supply of the drug in the country.

- Patsy McGarry

Aids Assurance

Why you face an A/O S test if you take out a life insurance policy

The insurance companies, in line with a decision made by the Irish Insurance Federation, introduced last month a mandatory AroS test for everyone wishing to take out a life policy valued at £150,000 and over. Some insurance companies are disarmingly candid as to their reasons for doing this.


According to a letter dated September 5 sent out by Prudential Life of Ireland to their agents, the reason for these tests is because '... the risks presented to our industry by a spread of AroS are obvious and it is in all our interests that we eliminate as far as possible AIOs related claims in order that we can continue to bring economic cover to our clients.' (Magill emphasis). Those involved in fighting the disease tend to have strong views on mandatory testing.

Or James Walsh, AIOs co-ordinator at the Department of Health, told Magill he 'deplores' the introduction of mandatory testing by the insurance companies. It will, he is convinced, help to drive the disease underground, making it far more difficult to fight.

Or Walsh also expresses doubts as to whether the guarantee of confidentiality as regards the tests, and guaranteed by the insurance companies, can be maintained. The surprise is that the blood samples taken by doctors on behalf of the insurance companies will be analysed at UCO's Virus Reference Laboratory, which is presided over by Or Irene Hillary.

Or Hillary has been involved for some time in researching ways of combating the disease, and is chairperson of the AIOs fund - a high-powered body of doctors, solicitors, and representatives of various AIOs agencies, which raises money for AIOs research. Or James Walsh is a committee member of the Fund.

- Patsy McGarry



PRUDENTIAL

Life and Underwriting Insurance Co. Ltd.

Dear

The A.I.D.S. problem, as you will appreciate, is of great concern to life underwriters and because of the risk of the spread of A.I.D.S., the life insurance industry has had to introduce measures to protect the funds held for both existing and future policyholders.

As part of an industrywide agreement under the Irish Insurance Federation, Prudential Life, from 1 September 1988, will require a routine HIV antibody test for applications where the sum assured is £150,000 or greater. All of these cases will also exceed our normal non-radical limits and will therefore in any event be attending for a full medical examination. The proposed procedure is as follows:-

1. A covering letter, with an explanatory leaflet and consent form (seeking the consent of the client to the HIV test) will be sent to the life proposed directly, before the examination.
2. This form should be presented to the examining doctor at the time of the normal medical examination when the HIV test will be carried out.
3. The blood sample will be sent directly by the doctor for analysis to Prof. Irene Hillary, U.C.D. Virus Reference Laboratory, who will in absolute confidence advise our Chief Medical Officer of the results of the test.

As a result of the introduction of these new procedures it has been necessary to put together a revised panel of medical examiners, a copy of which will be made available shortly.

The risks presented to our industry by a spread of A.I.D.S. are obvious and it is in all of our interests that we eliminate as far as possible A.I.D.S. related claims in order that we can continue to bring economic cover to our clients.

Yours sincerely,

Declan J. Lawlor,
Sales & Marketing Manager.

Prudential Life of Ireland Limited
Prudential House, Lower Mount Street, Dublin 2, Ireland. Telephone: 611922 Fax: 611412

Another Sore Point

Were the Carnsore Point nuclear demonstrations in vain?

NOT SO LONG AGO THOUSANDS OF Irish people were up in arms, over the proposal to construct a nuclear power station at Carnsore Point in Wexford. At the time Des O'Malley, then Minister responsible for the ESB who were to build the station described opponents of the plan as 'flat earthers'.

His then junior minister Ray Burke, now Minister for Energy, went on the 'Late Late Show' to defend the morality and economics of the proposal. Eventually the weight of public opinion and the questionable projected economic growth figures of the experts put an end to the plan.

Since then Mr O'Malley has formed the Progressive Democrats, who are vocal on the environment and opposed to nuclear power. Mr Burke is regularly to be seen condemning the Sellafield operation and its leaking and dumping of radioactive material into the Irish Sea.

Dublin has been declared a nuclear free zone and many Irish people patted themselves on the back for their part in defeating the nuclear proposal and the movement of opposition still stands as one of the few instances where popular protest helped defeat the politicians and other vested interests.

What then are we to make of the news that a boat carrying uranium hexafluoride regularly lands at Dublin port to off-load other cargoes. The compressed gas which is in fact liquid under pressure is a dense material of a very toxic nature although not highly radioactive. It is carried in tanks which are transported to the Soviet Union and back to Sellafield for reprocessing.

Often the boat carries only empty tanks with residues of the gas, but nevertheless its arrival in Dublin port indicates that the Irish government is not perhaps as sincere as it makes out in its anti-nuclear stance. Or perhaps it is caught by its adherence to international treaties signed long before the dangers of nuclear power were ever realised.

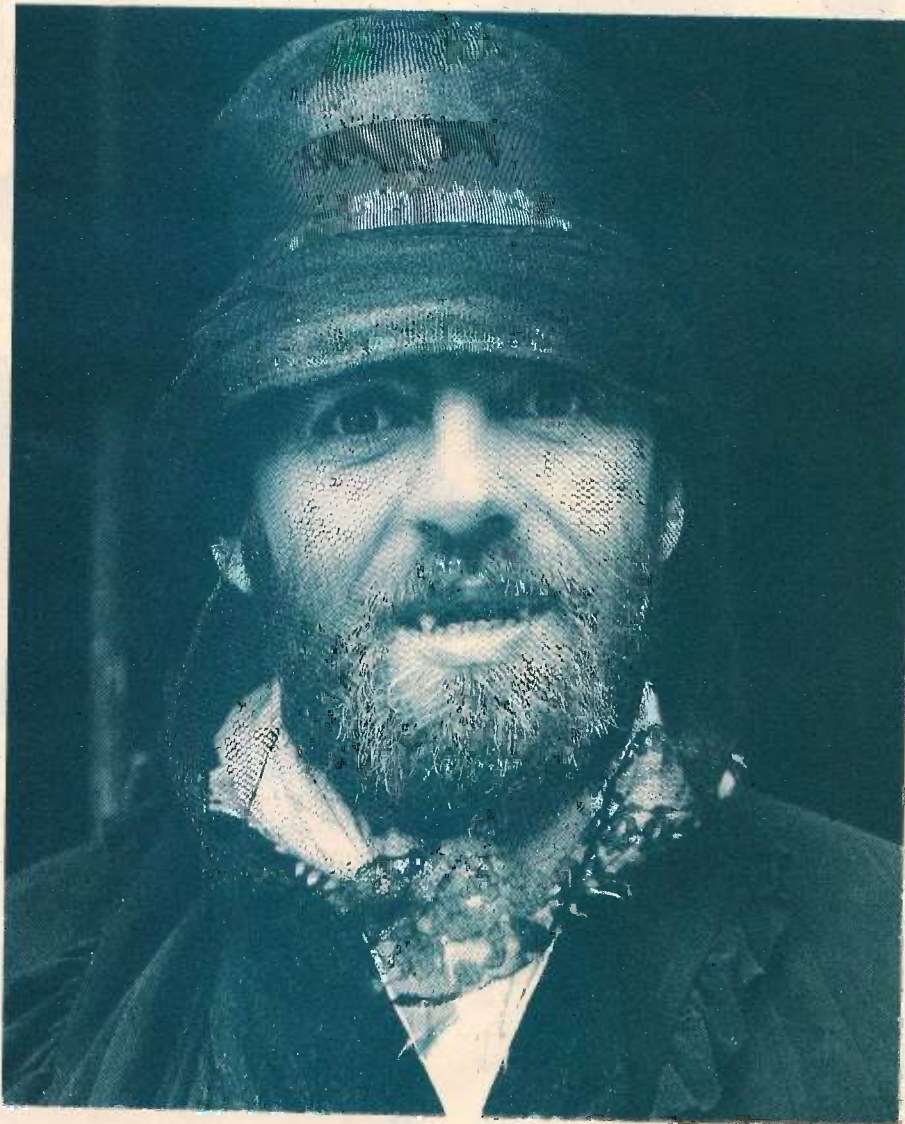
Back in the early 1950s Ireland signed the Euratom Treaty obliging the signatories to promote the peaceful use of nuclear power. The Department of Energy has stated that the cargo shipments are regulated under international agreements under which they are inspected and must be cleared by an officer of the NEB under legislation passed here in 1981.

What is not said is why is Ireland participating in the nuclear industry which the Irish people have plainly rejected.

- Frank Connolly



SMOKERS DIE YOUNGER
Government Warning



Reefer and the Model

How to turn a trawler into a tourist attraction

It seems that despite or perhaps because of some critics, the new Irish-made film 'Reefer and the Model' is a box-office success, at least in Ireland and nowhere more so than Galway where film goers are still busy discussing the many locals that feature as extras. The boat used in the film still rests in the docks and has become something of a tourist attraction.

Some of the film critics indicated that they are a little out of touch with the minds of the average punter in their reactions to the movie which undoubtedly has its technical faults and the odd dip in pace but nevertheless ranks as one of the best to come out of this country for many years.

It also touches some of the raw nerves of Irish society, portraying characters that everyone knows exist but that few would want to acknowledge. For Joe Comerford and Lelia Oolan the 'Reefer' is a tribute to six years hard work and their success in taking the Barcelona award for best film was well deserved, because it was an award from a city that values highly imaginative and probing work following decades of political censorship under Franco.

Back at home some critics spent their time trying to gather a subtle political message from the film that just was not there. In particular some reviewers took pleasure in the apparently anti-republican sympathies expressed. In fact, according to Comerford, the film is certainly not intended to be anti-republican but an attempt to uncover the truth about Irish society and presenting it in an acceptable, enjoyable and humorous fashion. There is in fact a nice touch with an elderly republican who appears in 'Reefer' in one scene and who is not unlike Joe's aunt, the historian and life-long republican activist, Maire Comerford. Go and have a look,

- Frank Connolly

SPUC's Damp Squib

OVER 1,000 WOMEN FROM THE Republic went to Britain for abortions in the first three months of 1988. That represents a seven per cent increase on 1987 figures for the same period. It demonstrates that despite SPUC's best efforts women want and are getting information on abortion.

Even SPUC's recent court action against UCD's Student Union which attempted to stop the printing of abortion referral material in the Students' Welfare Guide only served to do the "Abortion Information Campaign" a favour. It highlighted the issue and encouraged public debate. That's something those in favour of the "right to choose" spend a lot of time, effort and money trying to do.

By the same token SPUC also informed the general population of precisely where to find information on abortion. Before their action not so many people outside UCD's 10,690 students knew about the Welfare Guide. "Now" says Annemarie O'Leary, Welfare Officer with the Union "more women than ever before know that this information is available. Women outside the college have been ringing me looking for addresses and telephone numbers".

In the aftermath of SPUC's failure to secure an injunction preventing the publication of this Guide, Annemarie O'Leary still doesn't know why SPUC specifically targeted the UCD union. Not only do the union in Trinity print the same information but in line with the policy of the Union of Students in Ireland they support the woman's right to choose, the woman's right to control over her own fertility. More of the same information is also available in the countless women's magazines from Britain on sale in every newsagents across Ireland.

Until this summer about fifty per cent of all Student Unions within Irish colleges didn't have a policy on abortion. SPUC's challenge has encouraged them to mandate their members in order to adopt an official position. According to Fidelma Joyce, Women's Officer with USI, "the general feeling is strong in favour of the right to information". The National College of Art and Design has since passed policy in favour of the right of women to determine the course of their own pregnancy.

Marie Vernon of SPUC says that her organisation is now "assessing the situation" and consulting legal advice with regard to an appeal of Miss Justice Carroll's High Court ruling. The Union in UCD have not had any contact from SPUC since the ruling and Annemarie O'Leary said they have "no idea" what their next move will be. Louise Oelaney

Popping the Cork

Is the Cork Examiner going national?

The *Cork Examiner* is not going national, at least not yet, despite the clues that everyone seems to be deriving from their nationwide advertising campaign, which shows a man pulling along the Titanic above the proclamation: Almost as much pulling power as the *Cork Examiner*.

"The question of taking the Cork out of the *Cork Examiner* has been on the table here since 1850 but the board has always been afraid to do it," said Ted Crosbie, chief executive of Cork Examiner Publications, adding that they did not wish to annoy their indigenous readership.

"We prefer to regard ourselves as a major regional paper with a national news coverage. The bloody fight in the morning paper market at the beginning of the year did not affect us and both the *Examiner* and the *Echo* have come out well in the recently released JNMR readership survey."

Mr Crosbie also said that the comparison with the *Manchester Guardian*, which dropped its regional title over thirty years ago, was really "not on". "The *Cork Examiner's* marketing profile is in the southern region," he said, "and if we sold 10,000 extra copies in Dublin - where we have over 100 outlets anyway - it wouldn't make a lot of difference."

The real clue to the *Examiner's* advertising campaign is in their marketing strategy, aimed at the Dublin based advertising agencies through direct mail, and their slogan: "Munster goes missing when you don't advertise in the *Cork Examiner*."

"We were having a bit of fun on the Titanic," said Mr Crosbie, "and we're delighted that our campaign is being noticed." What is also being noticed is that the *Cork Examiner* is fast becoming a rival to the national press with its comprehensive coverage of news beyond the borders of Munster and its less than parochial attitude to local news.

It is the belief of several journalists on the staff of the *Examiner* that the "idea of going national hasn't been ruled out", said one reporter but the "only indication to the staff that Cork is being dropped from the title is from the ads".

- Robert Allen



**Almost as much
pulling power
as the Cork Examiner.**

The Examiner

Finglas Addict's Death

An iron bar on the head took the life of twenty-four-year-old Brian Chaney in September in the latest fatality arising from Dublin's serious hard drug problem. Although, at the time of going to press, no one has been charged with the offence, *Magill* has learned that his murder was a result of his drug habit. Chaney was given an amount of hashish to sell in the area and told to bring back £400 to his supplier. His failure to do so led to his death although actual killing may not have been intended. Chaney offered to repay half of the amount owed, having apparently spent the rest on tamgesic tablets, an addictive morphine based drug, popular with junkies as a heroin substitute.

A member of a large family in West Finglas, Chaney was no street angel but his death was brutal and unwarranted. According to people close to the ground of the large working-class suburb, his attacker jumped from a car at 12.25pm on Cappagh Road, Finglas as Chaney walked towards the Cardiff Bridge Road hitting him on the head with an iron bar or wheel brace. Another man drove the car away towards Finglas village. Although apparently struck only once, Chaney was brought to the Mater Hospital with serious head injuries and then to Vincents Hospital where he died a few days later at 3.30am on Sunday 18th September, while on a life support machine.

- Frank Conolly



The Derry Frontline

A new play argues that people must be the makers of their own values

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL BECOMES pregnant in working-class Derry. Her pregnancy raises a series of difficult questions about the Irish social, moral and political climate. It represents just one of the many issues tackled in the co-production by the Derry Frontline theatre group and the Bogside Sculptors set to go on tour around Ireland between October 5 and 21.

Called 'Inside Out' the production combines sculpture, drama and lyrics in an attempt to analyse life in Ireland and especially within the not so well-off sectors. Although it is rooted in the experience of life in working-class Derry the issues raised are relevant throughout the entire country. In the context of political conflict in Northern Ireland it looks at how people are trapped in a seemingly endless stalemate of poverty and repression.

Co-ordinated by Derry sculptor Locky Morris and Manchester playwright Dan Brian Cohen, the project involves nine young people from the depressed Bogside and Creggan areas of Derry. Its central message is the need for self reliance. The play argues that people themselves must be the makers of their own values and their own futures. It evidences a belief in personal ability to contribute to change of the socio-political system and subsequently escape from repression. The method it advocates is a concentration on changing entrenched negative attitudes and building a positive working-class culture.

Inside Out will be staged in Dublin, Cork and Galway.

- Louise Delaney

DUKES

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE HAUGHEY

Alan Dukes plays hardball

BY PATSY McGARRY

IT WAS JAMES OILLON, FORMER leader of Fine Gael, who once remarked that in political leadership the people who need to be watched most are not your opponents, but your own backbenchers. His successor Alan Dukes would do well to heed that advice. The back benches of Fine Gael now accommodate some of that party's most experienced politicians and powerful personalities, many of whom feel they have been very shabbily treated by their leader. The attitude to Alan Dukes, however, is not simply the result of personal chagrin, or grim disappointment with his style of leadership. It is more fundamental. They feel he, and many of the younger TOs he has surrounded himself with, represent an attempt to usurp control of the party and push it towards a more radical Social Democratic politics. The swelling ranks of Christian Democrats on the back benches feel such a radical shift in direction would be disastrous for Fine Gael. It would, they believe, alienate their traditional, stable core of support in the country, substituting for it fickle votes from the fringes of mainstream politics.

Alan Dukes's style of leadership is described as being in itself illustrative of his social democratic politics. He is seen as being illiberal in sharing out responsibility, preferring instead control from the centre. "Stalinist" was the description offered by one senior party member. Another suggested he runs the party like the secretary of a government department.

However, it is not just Mr Dukes's leadership which irks members of his party. Dis-

gruntled colleagues are increasingly uneasy about the frequency of his contacts with the Taoiseach, Mr Haughey, which are said to be occurring on an unprecedented scale. These contacts, they believe, include meetings at the beginning of each Oail term, when difficulties on the agenda for the forthcoming term are "ironed out". Other meetings also take place when the need arises, but the greater part of their discussions take place over the phone.

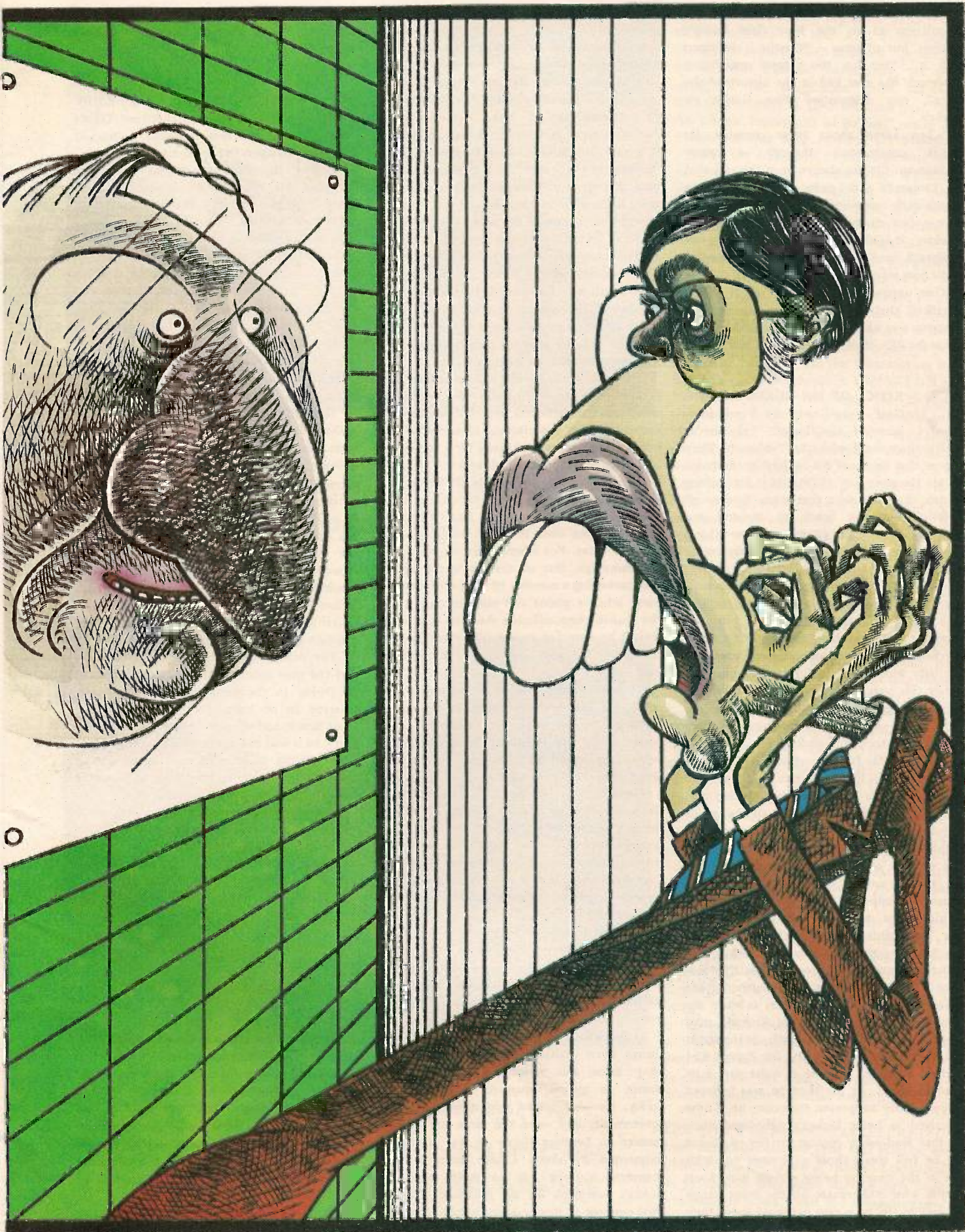
None of these contacts, they say, are discussed with front benchers, the more experienced of whom view the whole business with great disquiet, seeing Dukes as a comparative novice dealing with the shrewdest politician in the country.

Further, because front benchers don't know what goes on at these meetings, they are unsure then how to address matters of controversy involving the Government. An example cited had to do with the announcement of new terms for the Constituency Boundary Commission. A senior Fine Gael TO who was recently discussing these with a member of the Government was told by him, "my man and your man have talked about this". No further discussion was needed.

The party's then spokesman on the Environment, Mr John Boland, ended up issuing a statement on the matter which was mildly critical of the Commission's terms of reference. The statement was one he had been instructed to prepare by his party leader. Boland himself favoured a stronger line.

It is acknowledged within Fianna Fail that such cooperation between the Taoiseach

Littleman



and Mr Dukes is going on. There is much speculation as to the Fine Gael leader's motives, but all agree - "Charlie is delighted with it", "He has the biggest majority a Taoiseach has ever had in the history of the State", one disgruntled Fine Gaeler remarked.

When asked about these contacts, Mr Dukes commented through a party spokesman, "It has always been the case that the Taoiseach and Leader of the Opposition occasionally consulted one another. That's been a fact since 1922". Within the party, however, it is said that contacts between the Taoiseach and Leader of the Opposition in the past were few and far between.

One unequivocal supporter of Mr Dukes remarked that the reason for the ongoing contacts was obvious. "First of all Alan will screw the PDs, then he'll go after Charlie".

ECRITICS OF MR DUKES IN FINE Gael - and they are a minority, however significant - say he is overly enamoured with the Taoiseach. They believe that he based his leadership campaign on Mr Haughey's in 1979, and is attempting to rule the party with that same "uno voce" style. Dukes now tends to demand and command the high ground on everything, they suggest, preparing policy and presenting it publicly without discussion with his front bench. The "Tallaght strategy" speech is quoted as an example. It had been discussed with individual front benchers, but not generally, and was later brought to a front bench meeting for retrospective endorsement. Similarly, with the 'New Politics' document of earlier this year. This was printed in booklet form, for general distribution, before the front bench saw it. In the circumstances there was little choice but to endorse it.

However, Mr Dukes's reluctance to discuss matters with his front bench might have had to do with its overall complexion preceding the recent reshuffle. Six to that point two-thirds of those on the front bench were people who had opposed him in the leadership election and, furthermore, the majority of those would have been Christian Democrats, opposed to his Social Democratic politics. Now, however, the opposite is the case. Two-thirds of his eighteen front bench members are people who voted for him in the leadership contest and most are Social Democrats. The six members of the current front bench who did not vote for him as leader are John Bruton and his brother Richard, who voted for Bruton, Jim Mitchell, Sean Barret and Peter Barry, who voted for Barry. And Michael Noonan. No one is quite sure how Noonan voted. At the time he was believed to be a Barry supporter. However, he is now perceived as being Dukes's right-hand man. Of that leadership contest, critics of Dukes say he still treats those who were not with him at the time, as being against him. Such people who still remain on the front bench still feel he is now paranoid about their possible disloyalty.

This uneasiness is not altogether unwarranted. A report in the J.J. O'Molloy column in the *Sunday Tribune* last November suggested that Dukes suspected John Bolland, Jim Mitchell, Sean Barret, Fergus O'Brien, John Donnellan and possibly Michael Noonan of plotting against him. At subsequent parliamentary party/front bench meetings, it is said, Jim Mitchell took to protesting his "loyalty to the leader". It is of course significant that three of those six men named have since suffered what John Bolland was heard to describe as "a blow of the soup fork".

That leadership contest continues to arise in discussions of the present situation in Fine Gael. Shortly after his election Alan Dukes thanked all who had participated in the three campaigns for conducting what he described as a "gentlemanly" contest. Some reports however indicate that his own campaign was somewhat less than gentlemanly.

Sources in the losers' camps believe that Dukes rode to office on the votes of ambitious backbenchers, many of whom were convinced that the election of either of the other candidates would mean their remaining in comparative political oblivion. The same sources say that whereas both Barry and Bruton campaigned on the strength of their records and reputations, less orthodox methods were used to secure some of Alan Dukes's votes. For example, in the course of the campaign, one of the losing candidates was canvassing a member of the parliamentary party when a phone call came through from the Dukes camp offering the man a position should he vote for Dukes. The member concerned did so, and now holds the promised post.

However there was a lot of to-ing and fro-ing in the days preceding the leadership election. At one stage, for example, it had been agreed that Avril Doyle would either propose or second John Bruton for the leadership. However, the night before the vote, a member of the 'Wea'ord Constituency Executive rang Bruton to say they did not think it would look good for them to have Ivan Yates openly supporting Dukes and Avril Doyle openly supporting Bruton. It would suggest division in the constituency. Bruton agreed, therefore, that she should not propose or second him.

It was believed that Doyle would still vote for Bruton. However, she arrived late for the vote and her intentions did not become known. In any event, she was appointed Marine spokesperson by Dukes on his first front bench.

Defenders of Dukes describe him as having always been available to them as Minister. They insist that, contrary to his critics' claims, he always operated an open door policy. He also mixed with them while in government, and used the same self-service canteen in Leinster House as was generally frequented by them. Critics interpret this "canteen hopping" as an early stage in Dukes's campaign for the leadership, which they now see as having been based on Charlie Haughey's "chicken dinner" tours of the

country to inspire grass roots and back bench support. "Sour grapes", conclude Dukes's supporters.

SINCE THE LEADERSHIP election, relations between Dukes and his two defeated colleagues have been co-operative, if circumspect.

Barry, though disappointed at losing, accepted his defeat with typical patrician grace and got on with the job as foreign affairs spokesman. Though there is some deference to him as one of the party's most respected elder statesmen, he too has to submit his speeches for vetting before release.

This "censorship" greatly irritates some of the more experienced TDs. They are made feel like schoolchildren who cannot be trusted, and point out that under Garret there was no such vetting by a "Ministry of Truth". Last March Austin Deasy resigned from the front bench in protest at having a line excised by the party leader from a speech he was to make. The line suggested that the way things were going Fine Gael might never get into government again. In defence of this vetting it is explained that it is done to ensure "consistency" between speeches and party policy. It is also pointed out that any deputy can say anything he/she likes at any time he/she likes without vetting, so long as that speech isn't issued on official Fine Gael headed notepaper. There appears to be confusion about whether this is so, however. Certainly, some deputies in the party are unaware they have such freedom of speech.

The other defeated leadership candidate, and the man who it is believed came closest to Dukes in the contest, John Bruton, is believed to be having a hard time on the front bench and though deputy leader of the party he is said to have little influence. People keep coming back again and again to the Dormellon affair when they wish to illustrate Alan Dukes's attitude to Bruton.

John Donnellan is a gut politician, given to direct, crude expression. Those who understand him like him, but his blunt style is the antithesis of everything the newer, younger element in the party would hope to emulate. The feeling is mutual. He would have little time for the Yuppie-style industry and cool logical approach that is their trademark. The one thing he and other rural deputies in the party would have in common with this younger, urban, post-1981 set is an agreed contempt for each other.

Being Donnellan he could not keep his feelings to himself, so a month before last October's Ard Fheis he informed head office he wasn't going to introduce the party leader to the conference. As Chairman of the National Executive this was one of his functions. Being Donnellan he also explained why. He didn't like Dukes and so felt he couldn't do him "justice" on the occasion. Other arrangements were made. That was his first offence. There were two others. He missed a vote on the Barrington's issue. He was in the Dail for the first vote, and con-



Control of the party has been deliberately hi-jacked by its social democratic wing..

ruined out the lobby doors afterwards thinking that was it. There was a second vote, which Fine Gael won with other opposition support. (even though they did not want to). It was a genuine error on Donnellan's part and he apologised to the party for it subsequently.

Then last March he gave an interview to the *Connacht Tribune* in which he made the famous 'soup fork' remark, as it has come to be known. In fact what he said was '... As a matter of fact if it was raining soup, Alan Dukes would have a fork in his hand. He cannot pick up anything that is falling'. Dukes was furious, as were his younger supporters in Fine Gael. Without discussion with the front bench, he circulated a motion which proposed Donnellan's expulsion from the party. More experienced people in the party felt this was over-reaction; that Donnellan should get a good ticking off, and that should be the end of the affair. However, as front benchers they had no alternative but to support their leader's motion.

But it was what Dukes did next which galled a lot of people most of all. Donnellan had seconded John Bruton for the leadership. His proposer was John Kelly. Dukes now asked Bruton to second his motion calling for Donnellan's expulsion from the party. Bruton refused. Within the party people feel it was a terrible thing for Dukes to have done and they quote it as an example of what they describe as his general "vindictiveness", and contempt for Bruton in particular.

At that parliamentary party meeting which dealt with the expulsion, an amendment to Dukes's motion was proposed, suggesting milder punishment. Dukes opposed it. His front bench, all except three, voted against it. John Boland, Enda Kenny and Fergus O'Brien abstained. All three were removed in the recent reshuffle. Donnellan of course was expelled despite an emotional speech in which he expressed the hope that his party leader would be in attendance when he celebrated his twenty-fifth year as a Fine Gael TD next year.

The recent reshuffle took everyone by surprise, Alan Dukes did not discuss the changes with his colleagues. He told both Pádraic Kirby and John Bruton a reshuffle was to take place but no more than that.

John Bruton is said to have requested that John Kelly be brought onto the front bench, and Mr Kelly is known to have expressed an interest in being on Dukes's first front bench also. Dukes said no. Hardly surprising, since the primary purpose of the reshuffle was so Alan Dukes "would have the frontbench he wants", as was explained later, Mr Kelly and other such senior Christian Democrats do not form part of what Alan Dukes wants, no matter their experience or expertise. In fact, within those Christian Democratic ranks he is even said to have told some of the party's senior members that they are not wanted in Fine Gael.

Possibly because he remembered the debate that was Garret's reshuffle in 1986, Alan Dukes went for the cleaner, "short, sharp, shock" method. Commentators at the time said of the FitzGerald reshuffle that there was "blood all over the floor". With Dukes there were "heads in the basket" - little bloodletting. But whatever the aesthetics of the business it has left a very sour taste among some Fine Gael supporters, particularly among the older, more experienced TDs.

The "younger crew", nearly all of whom, like Dukes, entered parliamentary politics this decade, welcome the change. They believe it will bring a new dynamic, a commitment and vitality to the front bench, it's a change all agree was necessary: the previous front bench gave a lacklustre performance. There was little discussion or communication, and a general lack of direction. It remains to be seen whether the changes will bring improvement.

AT FIFTY-EIGHT FERGUS O'Brien is seen as the biggest casualty of the Dukes reshuffle, and his removal is regarded as probably the least explicable. Relations between himself and Dukes were at first uneasy, but rapidly improved. It is pointed out that he helped Dukes get out of many tight corners over the past eighteen months, one instance being the "piece of paper" promising a review cobbled together by O'Brien and the Fianna Fail Chief Whip Vincent Brady, which helped Dukes

get off the hook on the health estimates vote. He was also very helpful to Dukes on the Barrington's issue. Even when he was telling him he was being replaced Dukes told him he had been "doing a great job". Afterwards it was muttered that the reason he was replaced was that he had got "too close to Fianna Fail". This, his supporters point out, is precisely what he was requested to do by Dukes, so Fianna Fail could be assured of the bona fides of the Tallaght strategy. In the leadership election, however, O'Brien, like John Boland, had been a Barry supporter.

The bad feeling about the perceived shabby treatment of O'Brien stems from his long track record of service to the party. It is pointed out that he was Liam Burke's director of elections in COFk in 1979, where Fianna Fail's failure to win was one of the two Cork by-election defeats which precipitated Jack Lynch's resignation. (Incidentally the director of elections for that other Cork by-election, won by Fine Gael, was Austin Deasy). And in 1982 he was deputy director of elections to John Boland in the by-election caused by Dick Burke's acceptance of a European Commissionership from Mr Haughey. Liam Skelly won the seat for Fine Gael. O'Brien was also Mary Benotti's director of elections in Dublin Central in 1983. She lost, as expected, but won the European seat in 1984, as was the plan. Considering that record of service and the fact that he was doing a "great job" as Chief Whip, it is felt O'Brien should have been shown greater consideration by his leader. "If Alan Dukes wanted to get rid of him so badly, he should at least have offered him the option of resigning the position, rather than put him through the humiliation of his public removal from office", was one comment. More so than with any of the others, the bad feeling about Fergus O'Brien's removal and its manner, is manifest among all "sides" in the party. Whereas the execution was neat, the justice was crude.

Bernard Allen's dismissal was also unexpected, despite protestations afterwards that his departure was by agreement. In mid-July he spoke to the *Cork Examiner* about combining his functions as Lord Mayor of the city and Fine Gael spokesman on Health. He

was happy he could combine both, "until [une next year" - when his term as Lord Mayor ends. After his removal he told the same paper he found it impossible to hold both offices ... "they clashed fundamentally". The office of Lord Mayor had become "internationally demanding", meaning he would be out of the country for lengthy periods and so leaving vacant the FG spokespersonship on health, "a very important brief". He was the only one of the demoted four who was a Duke's supporter. In the party it is believed he was removed because of a loss of nerve during the health estimates debate last year, and during the Barrington's hospital issue earlier this year.

Enda Kenny was a Bruton supporter in the leadership stakes. He also was one of three front benchers to support an amendment proposing milder punishment for John Donnellan, after his "soup fork" remarks. The other two were Fergus O'Brien, and John Boland. Enda Kenny is also a close personal friend of Austin Deasy's. He was believed to be doing a good job in the lacklustre Gaeltacht spokespersonship. His replacement is Dinny McGinley, an avowed Dukes man.

LASTLY, THERE IS JOHN Boland. In removing him from the front bench as Environment spokesman, Alan Dukes showed a courage and ruthlessness which surprised many, and which, perhaps, Mr Haughey might well envy. John Boland is not an enemy one would choose to make. He is tough, abrasive, and very able. Though he would win few popularity contests, there is still considerable regard for him. People like his direct, gutsy style, while also being wary of it.

Boland never wanted to serve on Dukes's front bench, but did so out of loyalty to the party. Dukes and he are polar opposites politically, and certainly as personalities. Whereas Dukes is cool, rational, methodical, mechanical, Boland is quick-tempered, vituperative, imaginative. It is ironic then that Dukes's explanation for his removal was that it was for "mechanical" reasons. With typical caustic wit, Boland remarked afterwards that his "going" was "like getting a weekend pass from Pearl Harbour". Both Dukes and Boland are the same age, forty-three. There the similarity ends. Dukes, his critics say has "never been outside an institution in his life". He went from VCD to the IFA, to Europe. On entering politics he was made a Minister on his first day in the Dail in 1981. Boland, on the other hand, has been in politics all his adult life. Starting life as an auctioneer he was elected to Dublin County Council in 1967. After that he followed the ladder of political evolution, through the Senate, the Dail, the front bench, and finally a Government Ministry. He had directed elections and stood at polling booths. According to his supporters, he has therefore a much more full-blooded approach to politics. Dukes, they say, came through officer school.

The animosity between the two men was

particularly manifest when Dukes was Minister for Finance and Boland was in Public Service. Dukes was said to have been very much a civil servant's man, "a dream to work with" according to the civil servants themselves. One civil servant was quoted as saying, "Alan would take what was given him without question and would articulate the case very well at cabinet". Boland, on the other hand, always kept his civil servants at a distance. One man who worked closely with him for three years as a civil servant in the Department of the Public Service said that even after all that time Boland refused to call him by his first name, and kept the relationship on a strictly formal level.

Finance did not like to see Public Service as a separate department. They believed it belonged rightly within the ambit of their overall powers. The result was that all reforms proposed for the public service by Boland at cabinet level were opposed by Dukes.

But it was the budget of 1986 which was to bring about the most direct clash between the two men. The government was determined to stay together to allow the then two-month-old Anglo-Irish Agreement to take hold. However, Alan Dukes was unable to bridge a gap of £100 million between revenue and expenditure in a way which would please both Fine Gael and Labour cabinet members. He said it was impossible.

Garret Fitzgerald was aware that John Boland was himself looking at ways this could be done, off his own bat as it were. He was at the time sitting in on pay negotiations for the public service. Late that night Garret had him sent for. Boland made his proposals to the cabinet, which aimed to raise extra revenue of £200 million and these were accepted in modified form by the cabinet. Dukes, it is said, deeply resented being so publicly embarrassed in front of his other colleagues. When he went on television to defend the budget he gave a lukewarm performance - with a "not-invented-here" air, as one Boland supporter put it. Among Boland's proposals on that occasion was for a general tax amnesty. This was so administered by Dukes that it became more concerned with convicting evaders than collecting the money. The extraordinary success of the recent Fianna Fail tax amnesty has, understandably, annoyed some people in Fine Gael.

The morning after that cabinet meeting two senior civil servants discussed the proceedings. The man from Finance said to his Public Service counterpart "Our man ceased to be Minister for Finance at 12.15 this morning".

In fact Alan Dukes was moved to the Department of Justice some weeks later, on February 13, 1986. In an interview with *Magill* in April of last year he said he would have preferred to stay on in Finance. However, his move to Justice is seen by others in the party as part of Garret's efforts to groom him for leadership, and cast him in a better light. As Justice spokesman he would become prominently associated with the Anglo-Irish Agreement, by common consent, that govern-

ment's greatest achievement. Meanwhile, John Bruton was moved back to Finance, not his luckiest brief in the past.

Since his appointment to the front bench by Dukes, Boland has chafed at the bit on numerous occasions, notably over the "Tallaght Strategy" speech and the terms of reference to the Constituency Boundary Review Commission. He had prepared a speech which was a negative response to Dukes's Tallaght speech in September 1987. The *Sunday Independent* had been tipped off about the speech and so left a front page lead space vacant. However, the speech was "altered" by Dukes. The *Sunday Independent* led with what was just another pedestrian statement from a politician. Apparently it was too late for them to change their plans for the story. The other papers hardly dealt with the speech at all. In fact some of the lines entered into Boland's speech by Dukes, were later quoted by commentators, as examples of Boland's opposition to the "Tallaght Strategy". Similarly with the constituency review situation. Dukes and Boland are said to have "burned up" the telephone line before Boland's statement was released. The final statement was not at all to Boland's liking. Meanwhile, it was said, Boland was an infrequent attendee at front bench meetings. He himself is quoted as having denied this, pointing out that he was always in Leinster House, and never missed a vote when required. He is studying for the Bar and got a place among the top ten in the country in the Bar exams this year. It was alleged that this interfered with his job as Environment spokesman. Alan Shatrer, his successor, runs a thriving law practice, however. Boland it is said could never get meetings with Dukes to discuss proposed bills etc, and when he did propose bills to the front bench they were invariably left off the agenda or skipped over at meetings. Dukes, it is said, meets those in the party he wants to meet, and no one else.

But Boland and Dukes did have one meeting at least. This was before the party's Ard Fheis last October. Boland was interviewed for 'Today Tonight' by Una Claffey. She put searching questions to him about how, as someone who voted for Peter Barry, he now found things serving on Alan Dukes's front bench. He replied that as Alan Dukes was the party leader, it was no problem for him. After the interview Boland met Dukes in a Leinster House corridor. He told him that the interview had been "quite difficult", that there had been probing questions about the leadership vote, and suggested that whoever else was going on should be forewarned lest the party be cast in a bad light coming up to his (Dukes's) first Ard Fheis. Boland then continued on his way. Minutes later he was summoned to Dukes's office. He was warned that disclosures about how people voted in the leadership contest were in breach of party discipline and he could be censured for tacitly admitting on 'Today Tonight' that he had voted for Barry. Boland invited him to put down such a motion at the next meeting.



*Dukes went for the cleaner
"short sharp shock" method
and "heads in the basket".*

of the parliamentary party and returned to his own office, Peter White, the Fine Gael press officer, then arrived in the office. It was '11 la joke, hé said, Dukes was onlyjo king. He had no intention of instituting disciplinary proceedings against Boland. "Sure", Boland is said to have retorted, "I've been trying to get a meeting with him for months, and the only time he agrees to see me is to tell me a joke".

GROWING NUMBERS OF FINE Gael party members are now convinced that control of the party has been deliberately hi-jacked by its social democratic wing, and that a group known as the Social Democratic Forum, chaired by Mónica Barnes, has a disproportionate influence in the party. This Forum was founded last October. One of its first meetings was attended by Garret FitzCerald, Gemma Hussey, Chris O'Malley MEP, and Alan Dukes, Monica Barnes was in the chair. Dukes said he believed social democracy is "the philosophical basis which most clearly expresses the ambition of Fine Gael." In an interview with Young Fine Gael's *Frontline* magazine he has described himself as "a social democrat more than a classic liberal."

As a social democrat he is understood within the party to favour greater state inter-

vention in the economy to ensure a more equitable distribution of wealth - indeed to favour redistribution of wealth before the creation of wealth. On social issues, both the social democratic and Christian democratic elements of the party are in broad agreement - both are liberal in approach. It is on economic matters, then, that differences arise. The Christian democrats favour the traditional Liberal line there also... to quote from the party's constitution, they favour "promotion, enterprise and self reliance in '111 economic activity". This is the first provision in the party's constitution.

Nowhere in Alan Dukes's 'New Politics', published in May of this year, is there reference to that provision. The nearest suggestion to it is point four in 'Fine Gael's Objectives for Government'. This reads: "... to increase total national income and to apply the wealth generated to the provision of basic public services that match the needs of a modern society and provide for the disadvantaged in our society". Nowhere within those "objectives" is it pointed out how this might be done. In a speech last March to the party's Constituency Executive in Wexford John Boland spoke of Fine Gael's "Christian and democratic tradition" and called for the creation of a society where "initiative and enterprise" is encouraged. In a speech at the conference of the European Christian Demo-

crats (with whom Fine Gael sit in the European Parliament) in Calway last May, Peter Barry spoke of the importance to Fine Gael of Christian Democracy, "with its emphasis on the person and human development within a democratic framework". It is also considered odd that Dukes should send two social democrats, Gemma Hussey, and Monica Barnes, to Europe to help the Christian Democrats prepare their election manifesto for next year's European elections.

The Social Democrats in the party amount to approximately ten deputies... Alan Dukes, Alan Shatter, Ivan Yates, Gemma Hussey, Monica Barnes, Cay Mitchell, George Birmingham, Mary Flaherty, Bernard Allen and Garret FitzCerald. They command the support of the broad centre of the party at present, and are said to be determined to swing it towards the left.

In his last address to the party as leader Garret FitzCerald said of its future: "it is a future intimately bound up with social democracy and liberal values, operating within a Christian context - Fine Gael is not now, and shall never be, a conservative party".

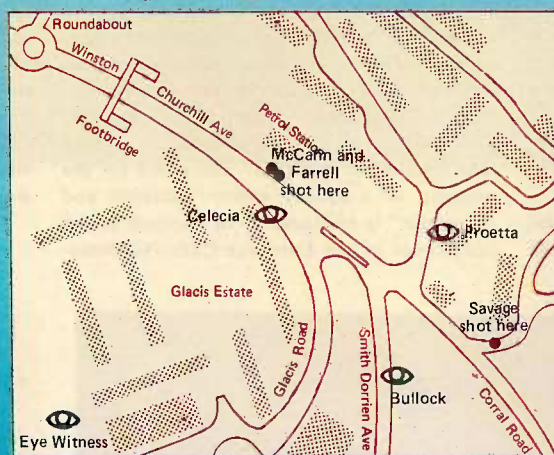
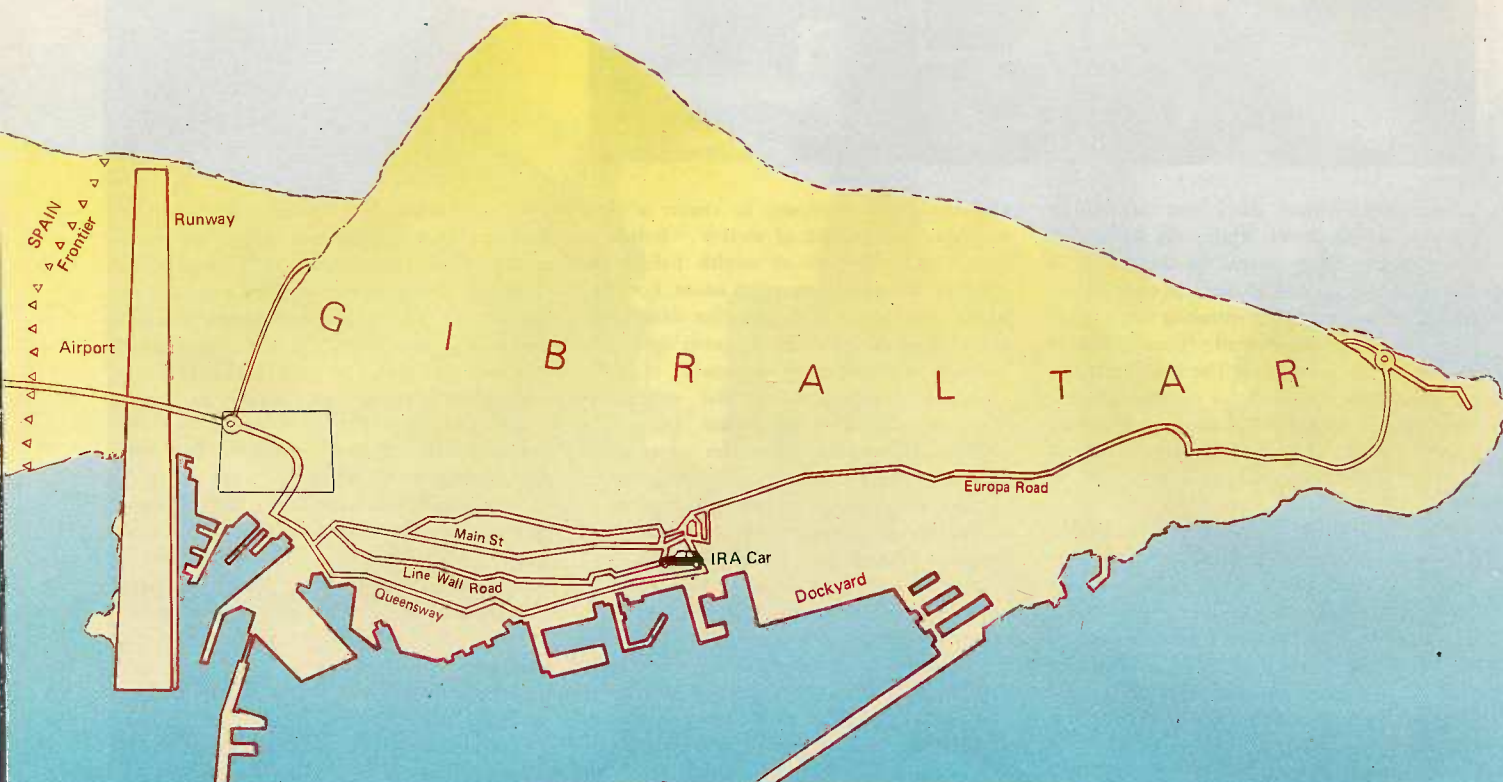
Garret FitzCerald recreated his party while accommodating some very different views within his front bench, Alan Dukes would appear to favour another way. O

*Dukes, his critics say, has
"never been outside an
institution in his life".*



THE ANATOMY OF AN AFTERNOON

THE STORY OF THE GIBRALTAR KILLINGS





Daniel McCann



Mairead Farrell



Sean Savage

BY MICHAEL O'HIGGINS AND JOHN WATERS

What we got, after nineteen days comprising over seventy witnesses and an estimated three-quarters of a million spoken words, was a controlled explosion of the truth. This is perhaps inevitable in any legal procedure, where there is a jury to be swayed and two opposing sides each with nothing to gain and a lot to lose from exposing that jury to certain aspects of that truth. This, too, was exacerbated on this occasion by the fact that one of those sides comprised the Crown of England, speaking loftily of its need to protect "national security" and "the public interest", phrases which, in the context of the Gibraltar killings, often seemed like they could be code for almost anything.

The truth is a many-faceted concept - rarely has that truism been so aptly illustrated as at this inquest in Gibraltar. The truth, for instance, could have embraced the several centuries of history which brought Mairead Farrell, Daniel McCann and Sean Savage to Gibraltar on whatever mission they were on the weekend they were killed. It could have embraced the worldwide fight against escalating terrorism. It could have embraced a whole sequence of events, actions and reactions, strategies, plans, policies, conspiracies - fill in your own colouring - leading inevitably and inexorably to those three bodies lying dead in the Gibraltar sun.

It could have embraced all this and more, but for the purposes of the inquest it embraced primarily the events of one afternoon - the four hours between the arrival of the three IRA members in Gibraltar and their being shot to death - and the thoughts which were in the minds of their killers as they fired the fatal shots. Of events prior to that day, Sunday March 6, the inquest was given only the sketchiest of accounts. Likewise with the process by which the soldiers came to think what they told us they thought: the intelligence gathering, the planning of the operation, the movements of the IRA active service unit before it arrived in Gibraltar.

The court heard evidence of at least one witness who might be able to shed light on some aspects of the truth but was prevented from doing so. Chief Inspector Correa of the Gibraltar police force gave evidence of taking a statement from a Spanish police officer in which details of the surveillance of the IRA members in Spain were revealed. However, the police officer had been denied permission to appear at the inquest by his superiors in Spain and the statement was ruled inadmissible by the coroner. There was other information, too, about the nature of the surveillance operation in Spain which appeared intermittently in

the newspapers throughout the inquest - indicating constant surveillance by both Spanish and British officers in Spain. Interesting though this might all have been, however, it did not become part of the truth which the jury of the inquest were invited to consider.

The inquest heard sketchy pieces of information about events prior, to Sunday March 6 and some details of related happenings after that date, such as the post mortems on the bodies and the finding of a car containing explosives in Spain on Tuesday March 8. The post mortem evidence is, of course, crucial, but the finding of the car bomb is much less so. The explosives in Marbella might be significant in the eyes of the British authorities, press and public, giving as they did some kind of emotive justification for what otherwise might have been much more difficult to rationalize, but in the context of the evidence which the jury needed to consider the explosives find was a moveable feast - it could have been the makings of one, two or several bombs for detonation in Gibraltar - or possibly not destined for Gibraltar at all.

Essentially, then, the jury was asked to look at the case as the story of one afternoon. The overwhelming weight of the evidence related to events in those four hours the three IRA members spent in Gibraltar between the time they crossed the frontier and the time of their deaths. The background was only relevant in allowing them to decide if the soldiers

might reasonably have been expected to believe what they said they believed at the time of the shootings. What happened afterwards was largely academic.

The account, the inquest heard of the events of that Slipday is, for rather obvious reasons, largely a one-sided story. Three of the main players in that afternoon's events are dead. What we heard mostly was the official version of how they died, with some input from a number of eye-witnesses. It is still, we believe, a telling story. Moreover, it provided the basis on which the jury arrived at their decision.

Magill has reconstructed these four hours from the evidence given to the inquest in the course of the nineteen-day hearing. We have also prepared some maps to accompany this article, showing the essential geography of the area relevant to the story. Essentially, for the purposes of this story, we are concerned with two parallel streets converging at both ends. At one end there is the square, variously referred to as the assembly area (for the band of the Royal Anglian Regiment, the target of the bomb plot) or Ince's Hall. At the other there is Winston Churchill Avenue, where all roads from the town area converge before the airstrip and the frontier, and where the Shell garage which looms so large in the story is located.

ASSUMPTIONS AND ASSESSMENTS

It had always been clear that the inquest would at best reveal only limited amounts of the truth and this was underlined on the very first day of the hearing when Mr John Laws, representing the Crown, submitted three Public Interest Immunity (PU) certificates from the British Home Secretary and Secretary of State for Defence which enabled the Crown to claim immunity from answering questions which would reveal classified intelligence information or endanger national security. Specifically, we were told, the certificates were designed to protect sources and the means by which intelligence is gathered and to safeguard the means of operation of the armed forces. It was obvious from the outset that these certificates, once accepted, would leave the court in ignorance of large amounts of information which would be helpful if not essential in allowing it to establish the full truth of what happened on March 6, but accepted they were. The coroner said that he wasn't necessarily bound by the PII certificates but would have to hear argument on the matter in the absence of the jury. Despite frequent interruptions of his line of questioning by Mr Laws throughout the inquest, Mr McGrory for the next of kin repeatedly turned down opportunities to have such a discussion, frequently altering his line of questioning rather than challenging the PII certificates directly. It was as if the Crown's obsessive desire for secrecy was, in McGrory's estimation, one of the weapons in his own legal armoury.

Whatever about the tactical aspects, the certificates did conceal from the inquest large amounts of information about the events of Sunday March 6 and, more particularly, the chain of events leading up to that weekend. What emerged about developments on Friday March 4 and Saturday March 5 was sketchy at best and practically nothing was learned about the sequence of events before that which led up to the killings.

What we were allowed to know is the following.

Sometime before Friday March 4, a number of SAS soldiers and MIS surveillance officers arrived in Gibraltar for

what would be termed Operation Flavius. These included SAS soldiers A-F, the bomb expert Soldier G, surveillance officers H-M and an undisclosed number of others who were not directly involved in or witness to the killings - other SAS soldiers and perhaps officers, other surveillance people, and possibly bomb disposal people other than G.

These were in Gibraltar on the instructions of the British Ministry of Defence who were responding to an official request for assistance by the Gibraltar Commissioner of Police, Joseph Canepa, who in turn was acting on information received from British intelligence sources about a proposed IRA bomb assault on Gibraltar.

The one representative of these intelligence sources to give evidence at the inquest was Mister O, the first witness to require the assistance of the brown and beige curtain, on only the second day of the hearing. Mister O said that he was a senior security services officer involved in the investigation of terrorism, especially in the activities of the IRA. He had had the responsibility of briefing all of the military and police personnel involved in the Gibraltar operation, though he does not appear to have been on the Rock at any time before or during the operation. During the inquest he was referred to in at least one British newspaper as the "mastermind" behind the operation, but this was incorrect: his role appears to have been confined to supplying the information, there was no reference at the inquest to him being kept up to date with developments or reported back to afterwards.

Mister O supplied the initial information that the IRA planned to attack the changing of the guard in Gibraltar on March 8, that a three-man IRA Active Service Unit (ASU) had been dispatched with orders to plant a bomb which would kill as many soldiers as possible. The bomb would most probably be detonated by remote control. Mister O passed on the information that the three IRA members in question were all experienced and extremely dangerous terrorists, and "almost certainly" armed. He also supplied details of the identities of the IRA ASU which was expected and of their histories. He informed the Gibraltar authorities

that if confronted, the three would be likely to use their weapons or, alternatively, use a detonating device to set off the bomb prematurely, if it was indeed radio controlled. The reason they expected a radio controlled device, Mister O told the inquest, was that this would be safer from the point of view of the bombers, as it would allow them make good their escape before setting off the bomb from Spain. The possibility of a timer was considered, he said, but rejected because of the Enniskillen experience - ie they believed the IRA would be unlikely to risk repeating the high numbers of civilian casualties which resulted from the use of a timer device on that occasion.

The car, Mister O told the Gibraltar authorities, would most likely be driven into the Rock on the Monday night or Tuesday morning prior to the changing of the guard ceremony. They considered briefly the possibility that the car would be driven in on the Sunday, but dismissed it as "unlikely". They also discounted the possibility that the IRA ASU might use a "blocking car" - ie a car with no bomb used to reserve a place in the assembly area, to be replaced with the real car born at some point closer to the parade. This, they thought, would be "an over-complicated and unnecessary procedure". Mister O did not speak directly to any of the personnel involved in the actual operation, not even to the Police Commissioner, but briefed his own representative who in turn briefed the Commissioner and the others. Mister O's representative was not a witness at the inquest.

It was on the basis of Mister O's intelligence reports that Commissioner Canepa first made the decision to request back-up from the British Ministry of Defence. The expected operation was such, he decided, that the largely unarmed Gibraltar police would be incapable of dealing with it. In response to his request, the SAS were sent to Gibraltar. Sometime after their arrival, and before March 4, an advisory group was formed to assist the Commissioner; this included Soldiers E and F of the SAS, Soldier G, Mister M who was in charge of the surveillance and others. Over the Friday and Saturday, March 4 and 5, a number of briefings took place of each of the elements involved in the operation, culminating in the Commissioner's own briefing of all the personnel involved, at midnight on Saturday.

Meanwhile, Mr Canepa issued instructions that an Operational Order be prepared to cope with the situation. This was a police document outlining personnel requirements, the objectives of the operation - ie the arrest of the IRA ASU - and emphasising the importance of using minimum force. It also dealt with details of the surveillance operation, the defusing of the expected bomb, and pro-

cedures for gathering evidence for the subsequent trial of the IRA members. This order was issued to all senior Gibraltar police officers involved in the operation, including the Head of Special Branch whose officers would be armed and who was therefore instructed to give his men a detailed briefing in the Rules of Engagement.

The Rules of Engagement would be a recurrent theme of the inquest, the rock upon which the Crown and soldiers' case was founded. The rules for Operation Flavius were specially drawn up based on the standard Rules of Engagement for all British army operations. Up to the Gibraltar inquest there had remained classified, to the extent that even Soldiers A-D were not allowed actually to read them before the operation, but by the end of the second week of the inquest many members of the British press had mysteriously acquired copies of them.

The specially adapted rules for Operation Flavius were briefly as follows. Military personnel were to operate as directed by the Gibraltar Police Commissioner or by officer(s) designated by him to control the operation. If the latter requested military intervention they were to assist the local police in arresting the IRA ASU, but were to do all in their power to protect the lives and safety of members of the public and security forces. They were not to use force unless requested to do so by the Police Commissioner, or in order to protect life, in which case they were not to use "more force than is necessary". They were only to open fire if they had reasonable grounds for believing that an action was about to be committed which was likely to endanger life, "and if there is no other way to prevent this". A warning was to be given before firing and this was to be "as clear as possible and include a direction to surrender and clear warning that fire will be opened if the direction is not obeyed". However, they could fire without warning if the giving of such warning was "clearly impracticable" or likely to cause a delay in firing which might lead to death or injury.

It was specifically stated in the Rules of Engagement that the military were not to enter or fire at any person on Spanish territory or territorial waters.

Despite the fact that these Rules of Engagement, drawn up by the military for the military, were to represent the central plank of the Crown and SAS case at the inquest, Paddy McGrory, apart from occasional passing references in cross-examination, never made any serious attempt to question their validity in a civil situation. Again, as with the PII certificates, he appeared to be content to allow the jury draw conclusions on its own.

ON OR BEFORE FRIDAY MARCH 4

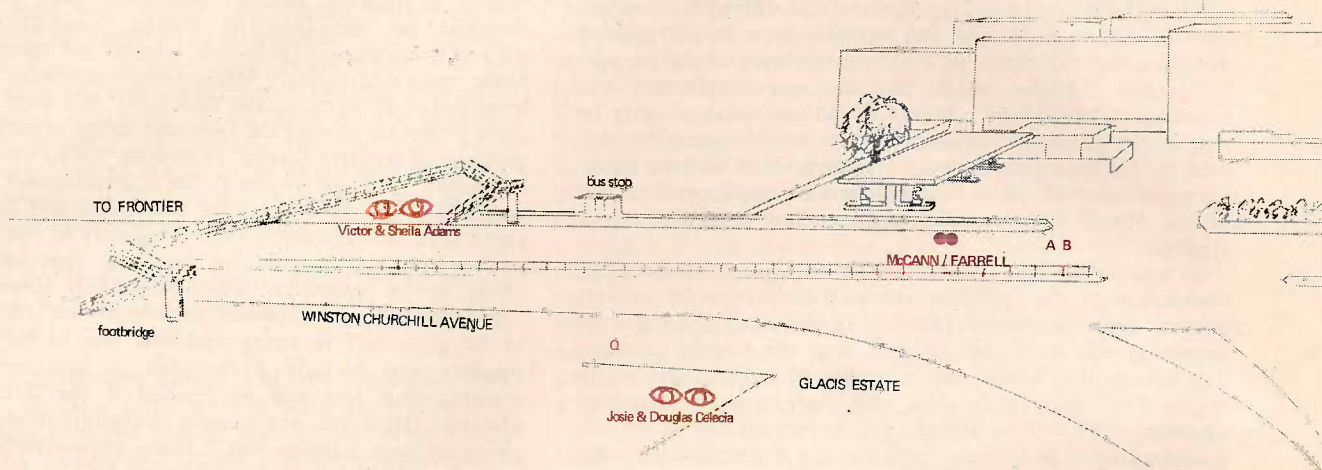
According to police and military witnesses, a number of important things happened in the days leading up to Friday March 4. Chief Inspector Ivor Lopez of the Gibraltar police was given details of an evacuation plan for the area where the bomb was expected; he was to be in charge of this part of the operation. The plan would require large numbers of police personnel - twenty-six for traffic duty alone. He was not given any indication when the plan might be required to be put into action.

The SAS soldiers were rehearsed in arrest technique by members of the Gibraltar police force, whom the soldiers referred to as "joes". The procedure was for the soldiers to approach the ASU members and put them down to the ground with their hands well out from their bodies, at which

point the Gibraltar "Joes" would step in to make the arrests proper.

Following on from the assessment that a remote control device was to be used, police photographers went up the Rock and took photographs from the most likely places where "line-of-sight" could be obtained by a bomber of a car parked in the assembly area. A Joint Operations Room, or Ops Room, was set up at a secret location in Gibraltar, from where the operation was to be controlled. The exact location was not revealed during the inquest.

By the time of the Commissioner's briefing at midnight on Saturday night, practically all the preparations for the operation had been completed. Word had come through from Spain on Friday that the three IRA members had been



The map above shows the scene of the shootings: the area of Winston Churchill Avenue, Smith Dorrien Avenue, Corral Road and the entrance to the Landport Tunnel, otherwise known as King's Lines. All of the main participants in the story are marked, including the three IRA members, Soldiers A, B, C and D, surveillance officers and civilian witnesses. The map is intended as a guide to their approximate positions only; as some people were moving throughout the two shooting incidents. It should be remembered that there was a gap in time, of disputed length, between the incidents, though for convenience and clarity we have included both incidents on

spotted at Malaga airport; Spanish police had, also furnished details of the passports on which the three were travelling. Sean Savage was travelling on an Irish passport in the name of Brendan Coyne, Mairead Farrell on a British passport in the name of Katherine Alison Smith, nee Harper, and Daniel McCann was using a UK passport in the name of Robert Wilfrid Riley.

The surveillance operation in Gibraltar had been under way since before Friday, but nothing at all had happened. As to whether the IRA ASU were under surveillance in Spain the picture is far from clear. Various witnesses, military and police, would give evidence to the inquest that there was no such surveillance by the Spanish, but countless rumours were circulating before and during the hearing that the Spanish police had a completely different tale to tell. It did eventually emerge in court that Chief Inspector Ullger, head of the Gibraltar special branch had obtained permission from the Spanish authorities to get access to some computer surveillance facilities on the Spanish side of the border. This would enable a Gibraltar police officer to examine suspect passports from a room with a video screen onto which the passports were flashed. This information did not emerge until very late in the inquest, long after the Commissioner and many other official witnesses had given evidence.

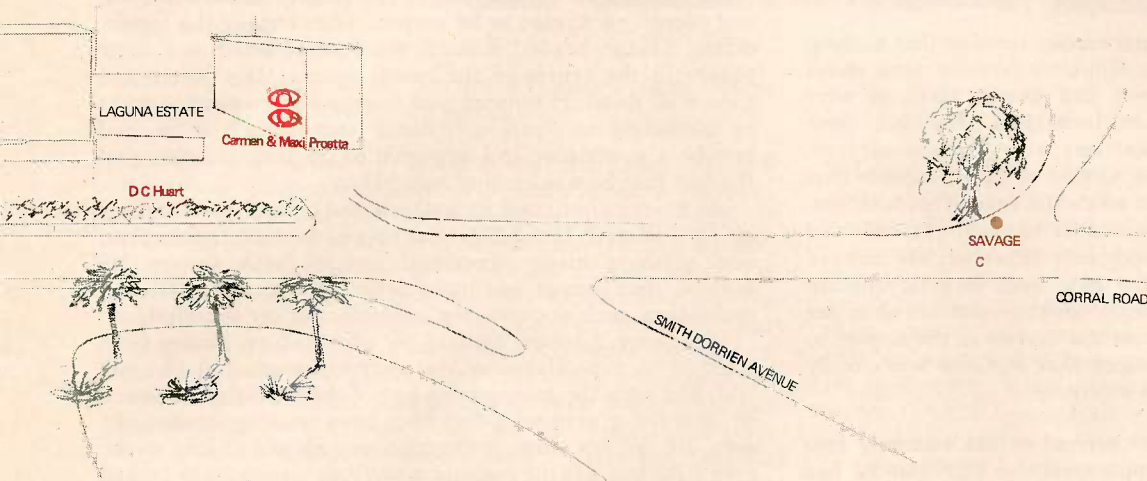
By Saturday night, then, pretty much everything was in place in preparation for Operation Flavius. At midnight the Commissioner held a final briefing at which various details of the operation were discussed. The briefing, attended by everyone involved in the operation, was addressed by the Commissioner and by the military and security officers in command of those respective elements of the operation.

By this time the Commissioner and his advisory group had identified four key indicators to assist them in coming to a decision about when they should move in on the IRA ASU. These were:

1. If a car driven by one of the ASU crossed the frontier and parked in the assembly area in the square.
2. If a car driven by a member of the ASU arrived in the assembly area without prior warning.
3. The presence in Gibraltar of other members of the ASU.
4. If there were indications that the ASU, having parked the car, was about to leave Gibraltar.

At the briefing the Commissioner also stressed the sequence which he wanted followed with regard to apprehending the three IRA members. This was:

1. Arrest.
2. Disarm.
3. Defuse the bombs.



one map. Farrell, McCann and Savage came to this point via Smith Dorrien Avenue, as did Soldiers C and D. Soldiers A and B came via the Landport Tunnel, ie the direction in which Sean Savage was headed when he was shot. The road continues from here, moving left on the map, to the frontier, and is the only entry or exit point for this side of the Rock. The photos above show, left, the scene of the shootings of Farrell and McCann; the building (right of photo) from which the Proettas witnessed the incident; the view of the Shell station from Corral Road; and the scene of the shooting of Savage at King's Lines.

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SURVEILLANCE

The inquest heard several different versions of what happened to cause the surveillance operation at the border to miss Sean Savage driving into Gibraltar in the white Renault in the early afternoon of Sunday March 6. According to the Commissioner and several other early witnesses to the inquest, the surveillance operation at the Gibraltar side of the border was working in complete ignorance of what, if any, surveillance was being mounted in Spain. The procedure being followed at the border, the inquest was told, was that, because of the volume of traffic, only cars containing two males and a female were being checked - other cars and all pedestrians were being waved through.

On day eleven of the inquest, however, Detective Constable Charles Huart of the Gibraltar special branch told a different story. He said that he had been at the border since 8am, working with the Spanish police on their side of the border. As arranged with the Spanish by Chief Inspector Ullger, Huart worked inside a windowless room equipped with modern computer facilities. Outside the Spanish police checked passports and any they thought were suspicious

were flashed onto a screen in front of DC Huart. Remarkably, Huart had no details of the false passports known to be in use by the IRA ASU. In any event, Sean Savage was not detected driving through the frontier sometime during the early afternoon. Soldier F, the commander of the SAS unit, claimed at the inquest that this was because of a complete lack of warning from the Spanish side, but it is worth repeating that, contrary to the official line which emerged at the inquest, there were and are persistent reports that in fact the Spanish were monitoring the progress of Savage in the white Renault all the way down the Costa del Sol to the Gibraltar frontier and were relaying details of its movements to the British security services in Gibraltar all morning.

A thoroughly new complexion was added on day twelve of the inquest when Detective Chief Inspector Ullger, Head of the Gibraltar Special Branch, gave evidence. Under cross examination by Mr McGrory, Ullger said that they had had no preconceived ideas about how the ASU might cross the border: they might cross on foot, all together or individually, or in a car together, or in some combination of both. In

briefing the Spanish police, therefore, there had been no question of him telling them to confine their attention to cars containing two males and a female, or to ignore pedestrians altogether. Ullger suggested that the reason Savage had not been detected on the Spanish side of the border was that the Spanish did not realise the full seriousness of the situation and were therefore not as thorough as they might have been. He also said that the regular customs and immigration officials on the Gibraltar side of the frontier had not been told to look out for the IRA members at all, as it was desirable for security reasons that as few people as possible know what was going on. It was also thought that any excessive checking of documents at the border might cause the IRA members to become suspicious. Pressed further by Mr McGrory, Mr Ullger said: "The only way it could succeed was to allow the terrorists to come in and be dealt with the way they were." At this point he paused momentarily before adding: "... as far as surveillance was concerned."

Be that as it may, the official version remains that nothing untoward was noticed at the Gibraltar frontier until about 2.30pm when Mairead Farrell and Daniel McCann were identified passing through on foot. How this was done despite the fact that no pedestrians were being monitored, the inquest was not informed. Officer M gave evidence that he was present at the frontier when the two were identified. He and other surveillance personnel immediately followed the two IRA members on foot into Gibraltar. He noticed immediately, he said, that the pair were very surveillance conscious. Farrell was constantly looking over her shoulder and, when they were held up at the barrier at the airport to allow a plane to land, M noticed that McCann was closely scrutinising everybody in the vicinity.

Sean Savage, meanwhile, had arrived in the assembly area in the white Renault. At approximately 12.50pm he had driven into the second bay of the almost-full car park in the square opposite Ince's Hall. He was observed by Officer N, a member of the security forces involved in the surveillance operation. Despite having seen photographs of him beforehand, Officer N did not at this point recognise Savage, but merely noted that he wore a dark jacket and gold-rimmed spectacles, that he was the only occupant of the car and that he remained in the car for two or three minutes before getting out and walking away. Officer N noted down the number of the Renault as a matter of routine.

From Hambros Bank, at the end of the square, Police Constable Albert Viagas of the Gibraltar police also observed the man getting out of the white Renault. There were a number of other officers with Viagas in the bank and a dis-

cussion took place about whether or not the man in the car was Savage. Before he got out of the car they had noticed him fiddling with something beside the driver's seat. Then he got out, locked the driver's door and went southwards via Referendum Gates. PC Viagas had two cameras mounted on tripods in the bank and took a photograph of the man. A full-time officer in the surveillance team was detailed to attempt to get up close to the man and establish if it was indeed Savage. After a few minutes he reported back that it was not.

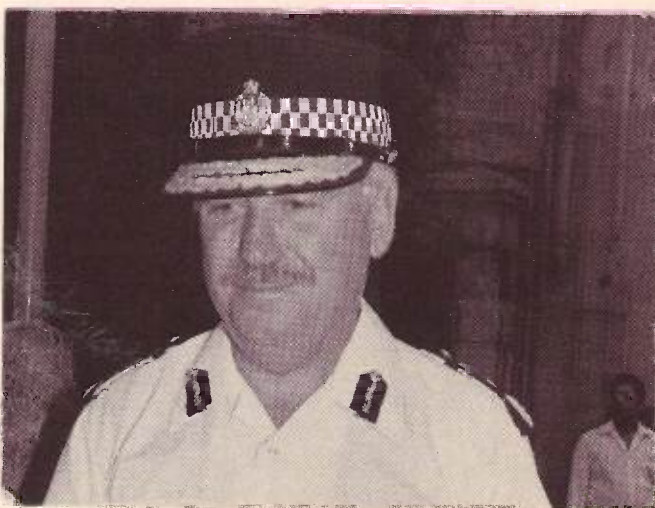
Only very sketchy details emerged at the inquest as to the movements of the man from the white Renault over the next hour and a half. A number of officers gave evidence of having tailed him during this time, but it appears to have been about 2pm when he was first positively identified. Officer H, of the British security forces told of seeing the man who parked the Renault car passing back through the assembly area, past the Anglican Cathedral on Line Wall Road and up to the tourist office. Officer H was standing in the vicinity of the cathedral and identified Savage as he passed. After leaving the tourist office, Savage headed towards the Piazza, which is a large square in the centre of the town, linking Main Street and Line Wall Road. H noticed that Savage was employing what he identified as "anti-surveillance techniques", i.e. he had bought a newspaper and appeared to be using it to conceal the fact that he was looking around him.

As Savage continued to walk around town, he was picked up by Officer P of the Gibraltar Special Branch. Officer P on one occasion made eye-to-eye contact with Savage. He noticed that Savage was using other "counter-surveillance" techniques, such as examining reflections in car windows.

At about 2.10pm, Officer N, who had previously been engaged in surveillance at the assembly area car park, and who had seen the man getting out of the Renault, was asked to identify a man who had been seen walking around the area. He got up close to the man and identified him as the man who had left the car, and also, from photographs he had seen, as Sean Savage. He reported this to the Operations Room, together with the fact that Savage had spent two or three minutes in the car before getting out. For the next forty minutes or so, Officer N followed Savage around the areas of Main Street and Irishtown (a narrow street between Main Street and Line Wall Road, parallel to both, where the police station is located). He too noticed that Savage was "alert and taking anti-surveillance precautions". He noted that Savage was stopping when he had rounded a corner to observe if he was being followed.

Coming up to 2.50pm, Mairead Farrell and Daniel McCann were approaching the assembly area having walked from the border. They arrived via Line Wall Road and walked up the

Acting Deputy Commissioner Columbo





Mr Paddy McGrory

square towards the spot where the car was parked just off Main Street, Police Constable Viagas, watching from the Hambros Bank, heard on his radio that the two people had been positively identified. They were walking at a casual pace. Daniel McCann glanced at the car in passing. Almost immediately they were joined in the square by Sean Savage.



Mr Michael Hacker

The three were dressed casually, McCann in a white T-shirt, grey/white slacks, trainers and a white baseball cap, Savage in a dark shirt, blue pinstripe suit and jacket and denim jeans, and Farrell in a blue/grey check jacket, white blouse, blue skirt, black tights and shoes. Farrell was also carrying a leather shoulder bag.

SURVEILLANCE / COUNTER SURVEILLANCE

Police Commissioner Joseph Canepa, meanwhile, was on his lunch break. He had gone home at 12.30pm, twenty minutes before Sean Savage drove into the assembly area, and was still there at 2.30pm when he got a call from his deputy, Acting Deputy Commissioner Charles Columbo, to say that two members of the IRA ASU, Mairead Farrell and Daniel McCann, had just been tentatively identified entering at the frontier. Commissioner Canepa remained at home.

Back in the Operations Room, Acting Deputy Commissioner Columbo was in charge, despite the fact that this was his first real involvement in Operation Flavius. Once the operation had got under way, Mr Columbo had taken over Commissioner Canepa's other duties to allow the Commissioner to give the operation his full attention. Mr Columbo had not attended the midnight briefing on the previous night, at which all personnel involved in the operation had attended, although he was a member of the Commissioner's advisory group. He did, however, receive a private briefing from Mr Canepa, filling him in on the details and objectives of the operation. Now, just as things were beginning to happen, he found himself in command.

The Operations Room was a long rectangular room, with tables at each end. One end was occupied by the apparatuses for three radio networks and their operators - these were for the police, surveillance and military. At the other end was a table for use by the Commissioner's advisory group. Such advisory groups, the inquest was told, were features of all such operations where military aid had been requested by a civil power. On this occasion the advisory group consisted of Soldiers E, F and G, Deputy Commissioner Columbo, Detective Chief Inspector Ullger, Head of the Special Branch, Officer M and other security people. In cross examination at the inquest, Commissioner Canepa said that the decision to form the advisory group had been a joint one between himself and certain senior military officers and intelligence.

Also in advance of the operation, as was also apparently

customary, two documents had been prepared by the military to enable control of the operation to be signed over to them should the need arise. The first was the handing over document, which said: "I have considered the terrorist situation in Gibraltar and have been fully briefed on the military plan with fixed arms. I request that you proceed with military option which may include the use of lethal force for the preservation of life." This was to be signed by Commissioner Canepa or his appointed deputy whenever he decided it appropriate that the IRA be apprehended.

The second document, the handing back form, was to be signed by Soldier F, the SAS commanding officer, when the arrests were completed. It read: "A military assault force completed the military option in respect of the terrorist ASU in Gibraltar and returns control to the civil power."

Now, just before 3pm on Sunday March 6, Deputy Commissioner Columbo, in command in the absence of the Commissioner, was presented with the first form by the SAS and asked to sign it. Three of the Commissioner's "handlers" were already in place: the car had been brought across the border and been parked in the square and the three ASU members were together in one place on the Rock. He hesitated. He asked if the three had been positively identified and was told that the identifications were eighty per cent positive. He phoned the Commissioner at home for the second time, told him that the earlier suspicions had been hardened up and asked him to come into the Operations Room.

Deputy Commissioner Columbo was not required to proceed with signing the form, however. Before the identifications could further be firmed up the three IRA members moved southwards through Referendum Gates towards Alameda Gardens, in the opposite direction to the border.

From about noon, Soldiers C and D had been in the area between Trafalgar Cemetery and the Queen's Hotel, just

south of Main Street, Soldier C was the more senior of the two. He was wearing blue slacks, a black shirt and white shoes. He had a radio ~ linked into the military net ~ up the sleeve of his shirt, with a small earpiece and a mouthpiece attached to his collar. He was armed with a Browning 9mm pistol which he carried in the rear waistband of his slacks and had two magazines ~ one attached to the weapon - with twelve rounds in each. Soldier D was also casually dressed and had a similar weapon with three magazines of twelve rounds each. His radio was linked into the surveillance network.

They had heard that what were believed to be the three IRA members had entered Gibraltar, that a car had been parked in the square and that the three had met together at the assembly area. Then they were told over the radio that the three were headed in their direction. They were asked to make a positive identification based on the photographs they had seen. From their position in Trafalgar Cemetery, Soldiers C and D made the identifications and reported over the radio. They were told to stay away from the three to avoid being seen and were instructed to make their way back down the town towards the airport.

Soldiers A and B had been in the vicinity of Main Street since about noon also. They were both casually dressed and armed with Browning 9mm pistols. A had four magazines, each containing twelve rounds, one of which was on the weapon. The gun was in the rear of the waistband of his trousers and the magazines were in his pocket. Soldier B had just two magazines with twelve rounds in each. They had a radio piece, Soldier A's on the military network and Soldier B's on the surveillance net. Most of the information concerning developments was coming through on both networks, whatever wasn't, they were keeping each other informed of.

Soldiers A and B had been in a small coffee shop close to the Governor's residence, about a hundred yards or so from the assembly area, when they had received information that two suspected members of the IRA ASU had entered the colony. They were instructed to go to the Governor's residence and meet up with a Gibraltar police officer. They did so and went with him to a confectioner's shop nearby. They received instructions to remain where they were. They learned that the three suspected IRA members had met in the square where one of them had parked a car earlier in the day. Word came through about a possible arrest. In fact, both

Soldiers A and B stated in court that they heard over the radio at this point that control had actually been passed by the police to the military, but was passed back again before they could be given instructions to move. In fact, Soldier E, the immediate tactical commander of Soldiers A-F would tell the inquest that control had actually been handed over to Soldier F by Deputy Commissioner Columbo and that he, Soldier E, had informed the soldiers of this on the military command radio net, though he had not given them orders about making the arrests. This was the time that Mr Columbo had hesitated about signed the document and the opportunity for the arrest had passed.

Commissioner Canepa arrived back in the Operations Room about ten minutes past three. He was told that an arrest had been considered a short time before but had been abandoned when the three suspects moved southwards. He was told that this had led the occupants of the Operations Room to consider the possibility that, contrary to assessments up to that, the Renault did not contain a bomb, and that the three might be on a reconnaissance mission. In court six months later, Deputy Commissioner Columbo who was in command at the time said that when he saw the three move southwards he began to have doubts that the car contained a bomb.

Commissioner Canepa was requesting that more positive identifications of the three be made before he would agree to sign the document handing over control. Then the three suspects were reported to be back in the assembly area. The occupants of the Operations Room were told that the three had "stared hard" at the car. Officer H would later tell the inquest that the three had "looked intently" at the car from the far side of the Main Street. They were looking around then, he said, talking and laughing, but he detected "the intent to look at the car". There were children about the square at the time, he said, and McCann turned towards the others and appeared to make a joke. As they moved off, he said, there were smiles on their faces. "It was a chilling moment. I felt that these were evil people, people who were prepared to shed a lot of blood," said Officer H. Around this time, according to the SAS testimony, control was again passed fleetingly to them, this time by Commissioner Canepa, but withdrawn again when he asked for final confirmatory checks on the identities of the suspects. Farrell, McCann and Savage, meanwhile, had left the assembly area and were moving north towards the border. It was L25.

THE ROAD TO WINSTON CHURCHILL AVENUE

Soldiers A and B were still in the confectioner's shop near the top of Main Street with their "Toe", the Gibraltar policeman in plainclothes. The three suspects passed by the shop and Soldier A caught a fleeting glimpse of Mairead Farrell as she passed by the window. Under instructions Soldiers A and B remained in the shop for a few minutes. Information was relayed over the radio that Savage had separated from the others and had gone into the tourist office in the Piazza. Shortly afterwards they heard that the three had met up again and were heading northwards along Line Wall Road. Soldiers A and B were instructed to move northwards also, but along Main Street, parallel to Line Wall Road. They were told that Soldiers C and D were in place behind a garage further up Line Wall Road, waiting for the suspects to pass. It was around this time that, according to his own evidence to the inquest, Commissioner Canepa was given a written report to read which provided 100 per cent confirmation that the three suspects were in fact Mairead Farrell, Daniel

McCann and Sean Savage. He also instructed Soldier G, the bomb expert who had been assigned to the operation, to go and examine the Renault, which the three IRA members had left behind in the assembly area. Within minutes, Soldier G returned to the Operations Room out of breath and gesturing with his hands in a downward sweeping motion, as though shushing a noisy group of people. Soldier G had been to look at the car which he discovered parked with its boot to the road in the second bay of the car park. Almost immediately he noticed that, although the car was relatively new, it had an aerial on the roof which appeared much older - it was grimy and beginning to rust. He immediately returned to the Operations Room and reported to the Commissioner that in his opinion the Renault was a suspect car bomb.

Soldiers C and D, having identified the three from Trafalgar Cemetery just before 3pm, had moved northwards back

down Main Street, through the Landport Tunnel, down Winston Churchill Avenue and had reached the sundial roundabout, less than five minutes' walk from the airport when they heard on the radio that the three suspects had been seen moving back towards the assembly area where the car was parked. They were instructed to turn back and head up Smith Dorrien Avenue towards the Mobil petrol station on Line Wall Road, about mid-way between the airport and the assembly area.

The IRA threesome were being tailed along Line Wall Road by a number of surveillance officers, including Officer H. He noted that after Savage split from the others to go to the tourist office, he did not immediately rejoin them but walked some distance behind. Officer H said in court that he recognised this as a counter-surveillance measure. Savage had bought a newspaper and was using it to enable him to look discreetly about him. Officer H adjudged all three to be "extremely alert and sensitive". When Savage again caught up with the others they all relaxed somewhat. Officer H, following the three from about thirty metres, met up with Soldiers C and D who had been waiting behind the Mobil petrol station. He identified the three to Soldiers G and D who began following also.

Soldiers A and B, meanwhile, had passed through Cassmates Square and the Landport Tunnel where they had met HP with Officer J, one of two female surveillance officers who would give evidence to the inquest. They emerged from the tunnel together and passed through Kings Lines towards Corral Road which runs into Winston Churchill Avenue at the junction with Smith Dorrien Avenue.

Back in the Operations Room, Commissioner Canepa had finally been persuaded to sign the handing over document. In court he said that he formed the view that they should arrest the three "on suspicion of conspiracy to murder", now that all the four indicators were in place. The form was presented to him by military officers and he signed it; thereby passing control to Soldier F, who immediately passed control to Soldier E, the SAS tactical commander, who crossed the room and instructed the radio operator to issue orders to the men on the ground. It was 3.40pm.

Commissioner Canepa said in court that he did not actually hear the order being given. He said that the radio operator had a headset and it was therefore not possible to hear messages being received or transmitted. Soldier F in evidence appeared flatly to contradict this when he said that the radios were equipped with speakers which could be heard throughout the room. Other witnesses subsequently "clarified" this apparent conflict by explaining that the device used to transmit messages was like the handset of a telephone; incoming messages could not be heard by anyone other than the operator but the procedure for transmitting and receiving messages was for the operator to state aloud the message received back as well as that transmitted, so that everyone within earshot could hear. It was suggested that perhaps the reason the Commissioner did not hear the order going out was that he had other things on his mind. Canepa was able to say in court, however, that Mr Illger, the Head of the Special Branch and Soldier E, had not left the Operations Room as soon as the order was given. He remained there with Soldier F and said in court that he heard nothing further for over twenty minutes. Having signed the document, he instructed Deputy Commissioner Columbo who was also present to phone Central Police Station to ensure

that vehicles were available to take the suspects into custody. Mr Columbo immediately phoned the station and instructed them to have a van and a car on standby. Back in the station, PC John Anthony Goodman radioed a patrol car in which Inspector Luis Revagliata and three other officers were out on patrol. The time recorded for the call in the station was 3.42pm.

By this time Farrell, McCaughan and Savage had passed through the bridge linking Line Wall Road to Smith Dorrien Avenue, still being followed at a discreet distance by Soldiers C and D and surveillance officer H. When the message came through that control had been handed over, the IRA trio had reached the junction of Winston Churchill and Smith Dorrien Avenues. According to Officer H, he passed on the word that the handing over document had been signed and he characterised the situation in court as control being passed to the military and police by him. Other surveillance witnesses appeared to have the same impression of the situation, though this was clarified in cross examination by lawyers for the Crown and Soldiers A-G when it was explained that their choice of words had arisen from the fact that there was to be an involvement by both police and military in the arrests.

Soldiers A and B emerged from King's Lines with surveillance Officer J who indicated to them where the three IRA ASU members were standing, about fifty yards down the road to the right, opposite the junction of Winston Churchill and Smith Dorrien Avenues. The three had crossed the road at the traffic lights and were standing facing in the general direction of Soldiers A and B and were chatting and laughing. Soldiers A and B noticed Soldiers C and D on the far side of the road with a surveillance officer, A and B, having confirmed once again that they had control, moved in to apprehend the three.

Soldiers C and D had also decided to make an arrest around the time they reached the end of Smith Dorrien Avenue. Soldier C had been delayed momentarily on the bridge at the end of Line Wall Road when he experienced some difficulty with his radio. D had gone on ahead. Officer H was nearby, keeping an eye on the three IRA members who were standing opposite the junction. The three, according to H at the inquest, took "a hard look back" at this point. Officer B then turned to Soldiers C and D and when he looked back again Sean Savage had split from the other two who were walking northwards towards the Shell garage on the right hand side of Winston Churchill Avenue.

Officer J who had been across the road "with Soldiers A and B had lagged behind somewhat as the two soldiers moved in to make the arrests. She momentarily lost sight of Savage, noticing that Farrell and McCaughan were walking north without him. She noticed Farrell's fairly large shoulder bag. At this point Savage passed by, having already passed Soldiers A and B who, having decided to leave Savage to C and D, were pressing ahead after the other two. Savage brushed A's shoulder as he passed. Officer J turned to follow Savage as she thought she was the only member of the surveillance team to see him part from the others. She was between fifteen and twenty feet behind Savage.

Events were now beginning to move very fast indeed. A lot would happen in the course of the next couple of minutes and there would be a large number of people who would give somewhat differing accounts of those events.

INCIDENT AT THE SHELL PETROL STATION

Soldiers C and D had been on the corner of Smith Dorrien Avenue and Corral Road when they saw Savage split from the others. There were a lot of people around - twenty, maybe thirty, people in the area of Corral Road and King's Lines, the entry to the Landport Tunnel. At this point Soldier D's evidence is that he crossed the road to follow Savage but, having got to the other side, found that Soldier C was having difficulty crossing because of the traffic.

Soldiers A and B were pressing ahead to apprehend Farrell and McCann, knowing that C and D would take Savage. They were closing in, a matter of about five metres behind now, as the two IRA members approached the Shell station on their right. Soldier B was on the outside of the path and was concentrating all of his attention on the back of Farrell who was also on the outside. Soldier A, on the inside, was concentrating on McCann who was immediately in front of him. The idea of taking one each was "an unsaid rule", Soldier B would later tell the inquest. They had been well practised in this, he would say. They were now three or four metres behind the two, moving slightly faster than them, closing all the time.

Stephen Bullock, a barrister, and his wife Lucinda were out walking with their young daughter in a pushchair. They were walking down Smith Dorrien Avenue towards the junction with Winston Churchill Avenue. They had passed by a zebra crossing and the gate of the children's playground on the right. There was a police car stopped at the zebra crossing with its police radio blaring. There were four uniformed police officers in the car. They had passed the gate of the playground when a man pushed between them from behind with a muttered "excuse me". Bullock noticed that the man was carrying a gun in the back of the waistband of his jeans. The man did not look like a policeman, Bullock thought. He noticed also that the man with the gun was looking over his shoulder at the police car parked at the zebra crossing. Bullock began to get worried as he thought the man might be on the run from the police. Then he noticed that the man had met up with another man, who also had a pistol in the back of his waistband. He watched them take partial cover behind some bushes near the playground. At this point he started to slow down - something strange was going on.

Inspector Luis Revagiatte was in the front passenger seat of the police car stopped at the zebra crossing at Smith Dorrien Avenue. He had been on duty since 1.50pm and was out on routine patrol. He had not attended the midnight briefing and knew nothing of the pursuit of the three IRA members through Gibraltar. He was in uniform as were the three other occupants of the car. While the car was sitting at the crossing a message came through from PC Goodman at Central Police Station. They were to return immediately. Inspector Revagiatte was told. He enquired if the call was urgent and was told that it was. He instructed the driver to pull out of the line of traffic and make haste back to the station. They would have to drive out of Smith Dorrien Avenue on their wrong side, down past the Shell station on the right and round the sundial roundabout, 150 or so yards down the road, coming back up Winston Churchill Avenue on the way to the station. At some point in this journey, Inspector Revagiatte instructed the driver, PC Clive Borrell, to turn on the police siren. The Inspector himself said that the siren was activated just as they were pulling out of the traffic, moving towards Winston Churchill Avenue on the wrong side of the road.

It would be argued later that it was the siren that caused Daniel McCann to turn round. He looked back over his left shoulder. He had been smiling and chatting to Mairead Farrell, but now the smile faded from his face. He looked

straight into the eyes of Soldier A. Soldier A claimed later that it was as if McCann knew immediately who he was. Soldier A claimed that at this point he was about to begin the standard army warning. This would consist of "Stop! Armed police! Hands up!" or some slight variation on this. At the same time he was drawing his pistol from the rear waistband of his pants. He couldn't say afterwards if the word "Stop" quite came out. Events, he would say, overtook the warning. McCann, he felt, went totally alert at that moment. Daniel McCann, turning his face to the front again, made a movement which Soldier A would later claim indicated to him that he was going to detonate the bomb in the square. He fired one round into the centre of McCann's back from about three metres, maybe less. At the same instant, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the bag which Mairead Farrell was carrying on her left shoulder was moving. She swung her shoulder to the right and brought the bag round towards the middle of her body. He couldn't see her hands but it seemed to him to be an aggressive movement. Soldier A shot Mairead Farrell once in the back also. He then turned his fire back on Daniel McCann. He shot a further three rounds into McCann, who by now was falling to the ground - two more into his back and one into his head. McCann fell to the ground, his hands out from his body. By this time Farrell was on the ground also. Soldier A did not hear Soldier B firing. As far as he, Soldier A, was concerned, he was the only one firing at Farrell and McCann. Immediately after the shooting he turned around and at that instant heard a police siren.

Soldier B, concentrating on the back of Mairead Farrell in front of him, out of the corner of his eye noticed Daniel McCann looking over his left shoulder. He heard a "sort of shout" from Soldier A. It wasn't a complete word, more like the start of a word. Afterwards he would say that he assumed it to be Soldier A initiating the arrest procedure. At the same instant he heard firing. At the same instant also he saw Farrell make a sharp movement to the right. He was simultaneously drawing his own gun, Farrell turned slightly, bringing the bag on her left shoulder round and moving her right hand towards the middle of her body. He fired into the centre of Mairead Farrell's back. He couldn't recall afterwards how many rounds he fired at her.

By then, he would say afterwards, Daniel McCann was "in a threatening position". He was making a movement sideways towards Soldier B. Soldier B then fired at McCann, he didn't know how many rounds. The two were by now falling to the ground. He turned back towards Farrell and fired at her again while she was falling to the ground. He couldn't recall afterwards how many rounds he had fired this time either. All three sets of shots were fired from the same position, Soldier B would say at the inquest. He did not move while he was firing. He fired in a standing position, with his arms outstretched. In all he fired seven rounds. He stopped firing when he saw that both Farrell and McCann had their hands out from their bodies and was satisfied that they no longer represented a threat to the Gibraltarian people.

Officer M, the leader of the surveillance operation, and who had been at the border when Farrell and McCann had come in, been driving about in a small, beige-coloured car. He was stopped in a traffic jam just beyond the bridge leading from Line Wall Road onto Smith Dorrien Avenue when he heard the sound of gunfire. He looked up and saw a woman he recognised as Mairead Farrell being shot by a soldier. Officer M could see only the top half of her body as his view was partially obscured. She fell to the ground. The soldier was on her left side and she was falling away from him. His impression, he would recall afterwards, was that the soldier had stepped from the footpath onto the road as he was firing at



The van taking the SAS and other unnamed witnesses to the inquest

Farrell. Then he noticed a police car go north through the traffic lights with its siren on. He couldn't be sure but he thought the siren might have started just before the gunfire.

Officer H of the surveillance team was positioned in Smith Dorrien Avenue, just short of the junction with Winston Churchill Avenue. He saw the three IRA members at the junction split up and McCann and Farrell begin to walk north. There was a police car in the queue of traffic at the lights along Smith Dorrien Avenue. There were perhaps three to five policemen in it, all of whom appeared to be uniformed. As he approached the junction the car moved off. He did not hear the siren as the car drove off. He would tell the inquest that the car had travelled all the way up Winston Churchill Avenue and around the sundial roundabout before its siren came on. He was surprised by the siren on account of the arrests which he knew were just about to take place, he said. Some seconds later Farrell and McCann looked around and Officer H saw Soldiers A and B adopt a "rigid pose" behind them. At this point his line of vision became obscured by passing pedestrians. He heard the soldiers firing "almost instantly". He saw Farrell and McCann fall to the ground.

Officer 1, a member of the surveillance team, was on Corral Road, which leads onto Winston Churchill Avenue at 3.40 when control was handed over to the soldiers. Just after he had learned this on his radio, word came through that the three IRA members had split up. He was on the left side of the road facing towards the Shell station. The entrance to the Landport Tunnel, also known as King's Lines, was across the road on his right. He saw Farrell and McCann walking towards the Shell station, closely followed by Soldiers A and B. At the same instant he noticed Sean Savage turning into the entrance to the Landport Tunnel across the road. Then he heard a police siren, though he couldn't see any police car. A second later he heard shots from the direction of the Shell station. He saw Soldiers A and B firing and Farrell and McCann falling to the ground. One soldier was directly behind the two, the other slightly to the left - out on the road, he thought. He saw the two people hit the ground. He would be asked at the inquest if Soldiers A and B shot the two on the ground. "By the time they were finished firing they were on the ground," he would say.

At the inquest, Paddy McGrory asked Officer 1 if it was true that he had seen Soldiers A and B fire the last few shots while McCann and Farrell were on the ground.

"... or in the process of falling," Officer 1 qualified.

Mr McGrory pointed out that in a statement he had made to the police he said that he had seen them shot on the



The Gibraltar courthouse

"They were more on the ground than standing up," said Officer 1. "They still moved."

"On the ground?" enquired Mr McGrory.

"Almost on the ground," replied Officer 1.

Mr McGrory: "Your evidence to the coroner before was that you saw A and B firing the last few shots into McCann and Farrell when they had just fallen to the ground?"

Officer 1: "yes."

Officer K, a member of the security forces and of the surveillance team, had been in the car park of the Laguna Estate, beside the Shell petrol station. There was a hedge, about seven or eight feet high, separating the car park from Winston Churchill Avenue. He heard over the radio that the three IRA members were headed in his direction. The first he saw of them was a glimpse of Farrell and McCann through the hedge as they walked northwards. As they emerged at the end of the hedge he got a full view of them. They were talking and laughing as they walked along. Then Soldiers A and B came into his view, roughly twenty feet behind the two. Then he heard a police siren south of his position. Within a second or so either Soldier A or Soldier B shouted a warning. It sounded like "Police! Stop!" McCann and Farrell turned and both Soldiers A and B fired. At this point the soldiers were roughly six or seven feet behind. He thought that the soldiers pulled their pistols out just after the police siren went off. This distracted him so he did not see them pulling their weapons. No shots, as far as he could recall at the inquest, were fired at the two while they were on the ground. Officer K walked fifteen to twenty paces southwards before hearing some shots coming from the direction in which he was headed.

Officer L, standing at the corner of Smith Dorrien Avenue, heard a police siren and, within a couple of seconds, the sound of gunfire from the petrol station. She saw Farrell and McCann fall. Within seconds she heard more gunfire and dropped to the ground. She didn't see Sean Savage, or Soldiers C and D, or Officer H. When the firing stopped she got up and walked away.

Officer P of the Gibraltar special branch, who had been tailing Sean Savage earlier in the day, had come back on duty after a break. He heard on the radio that the IRA ASU had been spotted heading down Smith Dorrien Avenue. Officer P immediately stopped a German-registered Mercedes, showed the driver his identification and asked him to drive to Winston Churchill Avenue. When they arrived there Officer P stood at the bus stop just north of the Shell petrol station. He looked back and saw the three stopped at the junction, talking. They were on the Smith Dorrien side of the road but

they then crossed and split up. Sean Savage disappeared from Officer P's sight but the others began walking in his direction. He started to walk up the road towards them. Just as McCann and Farrell reached the petrol station a police car in the vicinity sounded its siren. Officer P thought that McCann and Farrell were startled by this. At this point he was within fifteen feet of them. Soldiers A and B were about seven feet behind them. Officer P saw McCann looking over his shoulder. Then Soldiers A and B drew their weapons. Officer P says he heard one of the soldiers shout "Stop, police" or "Police, stop" - "or words to that effect". Farrell and McCann turned inwards towards each other and McCann's hands went to his chest in a sudden movement. Farrell went for her bag "They became hyperactive," he would tell the inquest. "Their movements, their expressions changed. They started eyeballing. Their eyes were going everywhere." Officer P drew his own weapon and adopted a combat position behind the end wall of the Shell station. Farrell's body jerked in the air and fell to the ground. Then McCann fell, his head hitting the concrete, his legs splayed over the lower part of Farrell's body. They had both been shot in the back.

Officer Q, also of the Gibraltar special branch, had responded to the same call as Officer P and had driven to Winston Churchill Avenue on a motorbike. He was at the far side of the road from the Shell station. The account he gave of the inquest of what he saw was precisely the same in practically every detail as that given by Officer P. He too heard either A or B shout "Police, stop" or "Stop, police" - "or words to that effect". He also described the movement of Farrell and McCann as that of "turning inward" towards each other. He denied in cross examination that there had been any collusion between Officer P and himself.

Stephen Bullock and his wife and child meanwhile were nearing the junction of Smith Dorrien and Winston Churchill Avenues. Stephen Bullock saw the police car which had been stopped at the zebra crossing pull out of the line of traffic and drive down Winston Churchill Avenue with its siren on. Simultaneously he heard a burst of gunfire. He couldn't say whether the siren or the gunfire came first, but thought the shots came a split second after the siren. He looked in the direction the shots had come from, towards the Shell petrol station, and saw a man being shot at from a distance of four feet. The man was retreating backwards with his hands raised over his shoulders. The man shooting at him was standing on the road just off the pavement. He appeared to be facing straight-on and firing very rapidly. The man fell to the ground and Bullock could not say if the shooting continued once he had done so. He did not see a second man firing, nor did he see a woman being shot. He redirected his attention to the two men with guns he had seen standing at the junction. They too, he told the inquest, had been watching the incident. When the shooting had finished the two men began to run towards the entrance to the Landport Tunnel.

Mr Bullock was adamant under cross examination that the car with its siren on had not reached the petrol station by the time the shooting started. Mr Bullock's wife's account corroborated his but was less specific in relation to the whereabouts of the car when the shooting started.

DOJglas and Josie Celecia live in the apartment block directly across the road from the Shell station. They were planning to go out for a walk. Douglas had just come in from work and was chatting to a neighbour whose apartment was towards the back of the building. Josie was standing at her bedroom window. She saw a man and a woman walking towards the Shell station. In her statement afterwards she was able to describe accurately what they were wearing. She said that each of them was carrying a motorbike helmet, dark red,

the other black. (These helmets were seen on the wall beside the bodies in a video of the aftermath shown on Thames Television's 'Death on the Rock'. Gibraltar Special branch officer Q and R claimed at the inquest that they belonged to them - each of them having gone to the scene on a motorbike.) Mrs Celecia's gaze moved momentarily away towards the children's playground to the left of the Shell station. All of a sudden she heard two loud bangs from across the road. When she looked back both the man and the woman were lying on the ground. The man was against the wall and the woman at his feet at the edge of the pavement. There was a man standing close to the bodies. He had his hands clasped together, pointing downwards. She heard another burst of gunfire totalling four or five shots.

Victor and Sheila Adams were two British holidaymakers who had spent the day across the border in Spain. As they walked back into Gibraltar they heard the noise of a police siren just as they reached the footbridge a short distance from the Shell station. Almost immediately they heard two blasts which Victor thought were firecrackers. In between the two bursts he saw an orange object flying in his direction. Instinctively - he couldn't say how - he knew it was a bullet. It struck him in the stomach, slightly grazing and bruising him (he suffered no serious injury). He shouted to his wife: "It's for real," and they took cover. The next they knew there were a lot of people about. Neither he nor his wife saw anybody being shot.

Mrs Carmen Proetta was standing by the window of her apartment in Rodney House, to the right of and behind the Shell station. She was filling the sink to wash the dishes. She heard a police siren and looked out of the window. A police car was coming to a halt opposite the Shell petrol station. The siren had stopped but the blue light was still on. The four doors of the car opened simultaneously and four men got out. Three of the men were in civilian clothing, the fourth wore a police uniform. The men jumped over the barrier. At least two of them were armed, she thought. She saw a man and a woman on the path. The woman was carrying a shoulder bag and a plastic carrier bag. They turned around and raised their hands in the air, palms facing outwards. She heard a shot and the woman fell to the ground. The man made a movement as if to grab her. He too went down. There was a fusillade of shots. Then she saw another man she hadn't noticed before. He had a gun pointed downwards. There were more shots. There was no smoke or fire, just the sound of shots. She saw a gush of blood coming up over the low wall of the Shell station. She heard no warning shout being given at any time.

Maxim Proetta, husband of Carmen Proetta, said that at around 3.40pm he had heard a police siren and looked out his kitchen window. He saw a police car stopped at the traffic lights and two men, one on the road and the other behind the board of the Shell petrol station. Then he saw a couple, a man and a woman, at the petrol station. They had stopped and were looking back. Then he saw the man on the road pull something out of his jacket. At that point the doors of the police car opened and three men in civilian clothes and one man in uniform got out. At least two of them seemed to have guns in their hands. Then he heard a shot, saw the man on the road pointing something at the girl on the path raise her hands in front of her face "as if to protect herself". The man beside the woman made a move as if to grab her. Then there were more shots. He saw the man behind the board with his arms stretched out as though firing also. Both the man and the woman had now fallen and the two men were still pointing, firing at the bodies on the ground. By this time his wife had joined him at the window. When she saw the shots being fired at the bodies on the ground she said:

"Lo estan rematando"... "They're finishing them off."

PC James Parody was not on duty that day and knew nothing of the operation. He has a flat overlooking the Shell petrol station. He looked out at the sound of a police siren and saw a police car move out of Smith Dorrien Avenue and onto Winston Churchill Avenue. It passed by the Shell station with its siren and blue flashing light on. He noticed a man and a woman walking past the Shell station. When the car had passed he noticed two other men - he didn't know where they came from. They were in the middle of the road with their backs to him. He heard shouts of "Police, police". The woman had been looking back towards the car and when the shout came she turned in to her right and made a move with her left hand towards her bag. The bag was over her right shoulder, according to PC Parody. Then he noticed that the two men on the road had guns pointed at the couple. He heard a couple of shots from each of the gunmen. The woman fell first with her head on the roadway and her body on the pavement. The man fell over the wall of the station forecourt with his legs across the woman's body. After that, said PC Parody, the two men put their guns away and took out black berets. The police car then pulled up at the traffic lights and a number of police officers got out.

DEATH AT KING'S LINE 8

Soldier C saw Sean Savage heading left in the direction of the Landport Tunnel. Soldier D had already crossed the road and C had to run briefly to catch up. As he crossed the road he heard a police siren. He looked round and saw a police car with its blue light flashing coming from the left.

Sean Savage was walking at a normal pace. Soldiers C and D got to within six or seven feet of him as he reached a big tree on the left hand side. There were a good few people coming towards them. Soldier C drew his pistol. At the inquest he said that at this point he was about to issue a warning to Savage, along the lines of "Stop, police, get down, hands above the head, stay down", when he heard the sound of gunfire from behind. He didn't get past the word "Stop". Savage spun round and his right hand went to his trousers pocket. He didn't look towards Soldiers C and D. Soldier C told the inquest that he believed Savage was more likely to have the detonating device than the others, as he had been seen fiddling about in the Renault earlier on. He also said that at this point Savage had adopted what Soldier C interpreted as a "close-quarters battle stance". Soldier C opened fire from a distance of five or six feet and continued firing, "until he had gone down, until he was no longer capable of initiating the device." He fired first into Savage's body and, as he did so, Savage spun round in a spiralling motion. He fired six rounds in all, in quick succession, four into the chest and two into the head, from a standing position. He heard only one of Soldier D's shots. D was slightly ahead of him to his left. Soldier D finished firing at about the same time as himself. Savage "corkscrewed" and fell to the ground. Once he was on the ground with his hands out from his body, Soldier C stopped firing.

After the three IRA members had split up at the junction, Soldier D had immediately crossed the road to follow Savage. When he reached the far side of the road he looked back and saw that Soldier C was having difficulty crossing. Savage turned left in towards Landport Tunnel. Soldier C caught up with D and they moved in to effect an arrest. Soldier D intended to shout "Stop, police, hands up". By now he was

Three other witnesses were also called to give accounts of the shootings at the petrol station. Two had been looking out from Smith Dorrien House, just across the road. Mr Charles Walker gave evidence that Mairead Farrell was the first to fall, followed shortly afterwards by Daniel McCann. Walker saw only one man firing at the couple. He said that McCann had been facing the gunman, who had not fired once the two were on the ground. Once they had fallen he put the gun in his pocket and walked away to a white car. Mr Robert King gave evidence of seeing the police car pull up at the traffic lights just after the firing had stopped. Mr Manola Cruz said that he did not see Farrell being shot but saw McCann fall as the last shots were fired. The police car came immediately afterwards and a policeman in uniform got out and jumped the barrier.

The driver of the police car, PC Clive Borrell, said that he heard shots just after they passed the petrol station. He braked and looked behind but did not bring the car to a complete stop. He saw smoke and three men standing on the pavement. Inspector Revagiatte told him to continue driving and they went on to the sundial round about and back again. He stopped the car and jumped over the barrier. He then got back in the car and put it across the road to stop the traffic.

three metres away from Savage but felt that he could get closer. There was a woman standing between him and Savage. At that point he heard gunfire to his left and at the same moment Soldier C started the warning to Savage. Savage spun round and his hand went down to his pocket. In Soldier D's mind, he would tell the inquest, was the bomb in the assembly area and the fact that Savage had a detonator. He had to make a decision. He didn't know whether Soldiers A and B had been shot. He moved the woman out of the way with his left hand, drew his pistol with the other hand and fired at Savage from about two or three metres. He did not close in after opening fire. In all he fired nine rounds, initially at the centre of Savage's body. Savage turned as he fell to the ground, "corkscrewing" to the ground. His first shot went into the front, followed by two or three in virtually the same place. Some of his shots might have gone into Savage's back, he thought. He also thought he shot him twice in the head. His last two rounds were aimed at Savage's head when it was a few inches from the ground, just about to hit it. Savage had been facing him when he began firing, but turned left, then right, then fell backwards to the ground. Then Soldier D stopped firing, he said.

Stephen Bullock saw the two men he had seen with guns in their waistbands run across the road at the traffic lights in the direction of the Landport Tunnel. Within a few seconds he heard a sustained burst of gunfire.

Officer H had watched Farrell and McCann fall to the ground outside the petrol station. His attention then shifted to Savage and Soldiers C and D who were going after Savage into the roadway leading to the tunnel. When the shots came from the Shell station behind, Savage turned with, according to Officer H, "an expression of amazement on his face". He heard shouts from his right and moved towards the road, pushing some bystanders back and shouting, "Take cover". He was afraid Savage would shoot or let off a bomb. When he turned around again he saw Savage lying face-up on the ground. Soldiers C and D were standing away from the body.

Officer H left the scene immediately.

Just as Farrell and McCann fell to the ground, Officer 1, standing on Corral Road, saw Officer H and Soldier D coming out of Smith Dorrien Avenue onto Corral Road. He pointed towards the roadway leading to the tunnel, on the far side of the road, where Savage had gone, and said "He's over there". He did not see Soldier C, but Soldier D and Officer H crossed the road and turned in towards the tunnel, leaving his sight. A few seconds later he heard more gunfire and went to investigate. He saw Savage hitting the ground. The last few shots were fired as Savage was falling. Officer 1 left the scene immediately on foot.

Officer J, who was also engaged in the surveillance operation, had followed Savage when he split up from the others, because she thought she was the only member of the surveillance team to notice him. Savage turned in towards the tunnel and just as he had got to the tree about twenty feet in, Officer J heard the sound of gunfire from behind. Almost at the same instant she heard a police siren. Savage spun round, looking "very stunned". Officer J had never heard gunfire before. She turned away from Savage. There was a lot of noise in the earpiece in her right ear. When she turned back to Savage she saw him lying on the ground and one of the soldiers standing over saying, "Call the police". This was the first time she had been aware of the presence of Soldiers C or D. She did not see or hear any shots being fired.

Ms Diane Treacy, a Gibraltar bank clerk, was walking from the Landport Tunnel towards Corral Road. She passed a group of men and then, behind them, saw a man running towards her. He passed and then she saw a second man, running awkwardly with his left hand held close to his body. He had a gun in his hand. There was a distance of about four or six feet between her and the first man and a similar distance between her and the man with the gun. The man with the gun took aim and fired into the back of the other

man between three and five times. She looked over her shoulder and saw the man fall onto his back. She heard no warning shouts nor saw the second gunman. She immediately ran off down Corral Road towards Laguna Estate.

Robin Mordue, a British tourist on holidays, had passed through Landport Tunnel on his way to the beach and was approaching Corral Road when he noticed a man walking towards him carrying a newspaper under his arm. When there was about six or seven feet between them, a woman passed Mordue by on a bicycle. Then somebody to the left of them pushed the woman back on top of Mordue and shouted, "Stop, get down". The woman, the bicycle and Mordue fell to the ground. Mordue heard shots and as he was falling saw the man with the newspaper falling as well. As he moved to get up there were more shots. He saw the man bleeding at the foot of a tree. There was still more shooting and Mordue went behind a car and was sick. When he emerged there was a man standing over the body with his gun elapsed pointing downwards. By then the shooting had stopped.

Gibraltar bank clerk Kenneth Asquez was in a line of traffic stopped at the lights on Corral Road that evening. In an unsigned statement to representatives of the Thames TV programme "This Week", he had said that he turned when he heard cracking noises and saw a man with his foot on the neck of another man who was on the ground. The second man was bleeding. The man on top had a gun and was wearing a black beret. He produced identification and said: "Stop, it's okay. It is the police". He then fired two or three shots into the head of the man on the ground from point blank range.

At the inquest Mr Asquez said that this statement had been false, that it had been made under pressure and that he had gleaned the details for it from media reports or "on the streets". Nothing that he had said in the statement was true, he claimed.

THE AFTERMATH

The first thing Soldier A did when he had finished firing at Daniel McCann was turn round to look for Sean Savage. He could see no sign of him. A child had begun to move out from the Shell station forecourt towards the bodies of McCann and Farrell and Soldier B had picked it up and brought it back out of the way. Soldiers A and B, who had been bareheaded up to then, put on their berets. Soldier A then noticed the police siren and shouted "Police, police" and put his hands up in the air. Two cars had come, said Soldier A, one from the north and another from the south. A number of policemen in plain clothes jumped over the barrier in the middle of the road. Soldier A then heard shooting from what he thought was the area of the tunnel. Shortly afterwards he heard over the radio that Soldiers C and D had "effected the arrest of Savage". Then Soldiers A and B got into the back of the police car which had stopped across the road. There were two policemen in the front and A and B were driven first towards the airport and then back in the other direction before finally being dropped off within walking distance of the Operations Room. There, they reported to Soldier E and later spoke to an army lawyer before going to the police station. Soldier A handed his gun and three full magazines and one containing seven rounds to DC Gomez. Soldier B handed his weapon and ammunition in at the same time, as did Soldiers C and D.

Soldier C said at the inquest that he had handed in only his partially empty magazine to the police station and had retained the other one which he had not used. Soldier D "wasn't sure" if he had handed in his own unused magazines.

At Kings Lines, immediately after the shooting of Sean Savage, Soldier C had taken steps to stop people crowding around the body by preventing people passing through from the tunnel. Soldier D, meanwhile, was making a radio report to the Operations Room. He also gave an account to a security guard from a nearby hut. Both put on berets which Soldier D had been carrying in a small rucksack. They were there for about ten minutes before a policeman came to take charge. One of the surveillance officers told Soldier C that Soldiers A and B had shot Farrell and McCann at the petrol station. When the policeman arrived Soldiers C and D left the area and went on foot to the Operations Room.

DC Huart, who had been on duty on the Spanish side of the border during the morning, had returned to Gibraltar and had received a call to go to Smith Dorrien Avenue at 3.40pm. He went by motorbike. He had briefly seen the three IRA members at the junction but had gone into Laguna estate and had not seen any shooting. He ran towards the Shell station and saw the two bodies on the ground and cartridges



Kenneth Asquez



Carmen Proetta



Stephen Bullock

scattered all around. He borrowed blankets from people living nearby and covered the bodies.

Special branch officers P, Q and R were there also, Officer P supervised the transportation of Soldiers A and B from the scene, and delegated to Inspector Revegliatte the task of searching the bodies for guns or remote control buttons. The Inspector called the police station at 3.42 asking for more manpower and scenes-of-crimes officers and also for ambulances. It was about two minutes since he had received the call to return to the station. Senior officers then arrived and took over. Revegliatte heard that another shooting had taken place at Kings Lines and he then went there and searched the body of Sean Savage. He found nothing unusual on any of the bodies. He drew a chalk mark around Savage's body and also marked places where spent cartridges had fallen.

Sergeant Emilio Acriss had been one of the policemen in the car with Inspector Revegliatte. He had jumped over the barrier in the middle of the road and had afterwards organised a traffic diversion. A passerby had told him about another shooting and he had gone to Kings Lines where he met two men in plain clothes. They informed him that everything was under control, that they were acting on behalf of the Commissioner. They asked him to take charge. Sergeant Acriss then started to collect the cartridges as there was a lot of people about and he was afraid that they might be picked up.

Sergeant Acriss noted that there were a number of shells - about nine or ten - scattered in a group about ten feet from the body. There was a second group of shells much nearer the body, about four feet from the head. Savage was lying with his feet about two feet from the tree and his head pointing towards the town.

Police Constable Clive Borrell was the driver of the patrol car which sounded its siren on Winston Churchill Avenue and which arrived on the scene of the shooting. He told the inquest that he did not hear any shots fired until after the car had driven past the petrol station. The siren, according to Sergeant Acriss's evidence had been alternating between the on and off positions, but the beacon remained on throughout. When they came back up Winston Churchill Avenue, PC Borrell jumped the barrier in the centre of the road and saw two bodies on the ground. Then, on his own initiative, he humped back across the barrier and drove the car back down to the junction of Smith Dorrien Avenue, using it to block off all northbound traffic. A few minutes later he drove four people out of the area - two of them were Officers P and Q, and Soldiers A and B. He dropped them off

at the police station and went then to the assembly area to help with the evacuation plan.

Police Constable Kassan was at the police station and at about 3.40pm received a call to go to Winston Churchill Avenue. When he arrived at the Shell station he was told by someone there to go to Kings Lines. There, he saw a body on the ground, face up. There were newspapers on the ground beside the body and he placed a stone on top of them to stop them blowing away. He went back to the petrol station to pick up some sheets from an ambulance he had seen there. He returned to Kings Lines where he was told by Sergeant Acriss to pick up cartridges. He did as he was told. He said there were a number of spent shells close to the body - one or two at least, he thought - and a number of others about fifteen or twenty feet away on the right side of the roadway.

Back in the Operations Room Soldier E received a report at 3.47pm that the "apprehension" of the terrorists had taken place. Another thirteen minutes passed before he got confirmation that the three had been shot dead. He was told that Soldiers A to D were safely out of the area and that the police were in charge. At this point he reported back to Soldier F who signed the document handing back control to the Commissioner at 4.06pm. Soldier E then left the Operations Room and went to the scenes of the shootings. Later he spoke to them in the Operations Room. No notes were taken of this conversation. Afterwards they went to the police station with the army lawyer. All the SAS soldiers left Gibraltar about 11pm that Sunday night and returned to the UK.

Commissioner Canepa instructed Deputy Commissioner Columbo to put the plan for the evacuation of the square area and the diversion of traffic into operation. Mr Columbo phoned Chief Inspector Lopez who attempted to evacuate the area with two other officers, but this proved impossible. The plan had to be delayed for some time until other police officers became available. It was after 7pm before controlled explosions on the Renaults had been completed and the area declared safe. No explosives were found (it would be Tuesday before a large quantity of semtex was found in a car in Spain). Mr Canepa also put Superintendent McGuinness in charge of the situation at Winston Churchill Avenue and arranged for a pathologist to be sent from the UK.

In Glasgow, Professor Alan Watson, a Fellow of the Royal College of Pathology, received a call to come to Gibraltar where there had been a shooting. He said he would come next day. He turned on the TV set and heard that three IRA terrorists had been shot dead that afternoon in Gibraltar. O



Paul Barrera

Top, left to right: strike marks on the ground at the spot where Mairead Farrell fell; ricochet mark on pump four at the Shell station; a view of the scene from the station forecourt, showing pump number four on the right. Bottom, left to right: three views of the spot where Sean Savage was gunned down, showing the strike marks on the ground in the spot where his head landed when he fell.

A CONTROLLED EXPLOSION OF THE TRUTH WHY IT HAD TO BE MURDER

by MICHAEL O'HIGGIN8 and JOHN WATERS

A prominent Gibraltar doctor and former opposition politician intimated to Magill in the very first week of the inquest that he would eat his surgical couch if the ensuing verdict turned out to be anything other than lawful killing. He was watching the proceedings, he said - the massive security, the huge press coverage, the comings and goings of star witnesses - with a mixture of annoyance and amusement. In the course of his practise, he had reason for regular dealings with Gibraltarians of all heights and hues - from the Attorney General down to the newest blow-in migrant worker - and he knew what they all thought about the incident of the IRA and the SAS. He himself had his reservations about the notion of death squads roaming the streets executing summary justice, he said, but he had learned to keep them to himself. As far as he was concerned he was in a majority of one. "This inquest", he said, is just a show trial".

Taken on these terms, the majority verdict of the jury can

only be seen as a resounding victory for Paddy McGrory, the lawyer for the next of kin whose eloquent and searching performance was one of the few uplifting things about this inquest, even if his tactics on occasion seemed a bit puzzling. Given the hugely British ethos which permeates Gibraltar and the massive emotive value of the fact that the IRA seemingly intended to place a massive 140lb car bomb adjacent to a school housing all of Gibraltar's children between the ages of four and nine, persuading eighteen per cent of a Cibraltarian jury that Mairead Farrell, Daniel McCann and Sean Savage were not lawfully killed is no mean achievement.

The other reassuring thing about the inquest was the coroner himself, Felix Pizzarello, who, however sticky the wicket sometimes appeared, seemed intent above all on upholding the integrity of Gibraltarian justice in the eyes of the world. From early on he showed himself to be no pushover, maintaining throughout that his inquest would be meaningless if, as was widely circulating, the SAS soldiers

involved would not appear. Even if they did appear, he intimated at a pre-inquest hearing, the limitations his court would have to labour under might make it impossible for the truth to emerge. In empanelling the jury, Mr Pizzarello appeared to be doing his utmost to balance the odds, he could, according to the rules, have chosen any number of jurors between seven and eleven, but by opting for the maximum number he increased the possibility of a majority as opposed to a unanimous verdict.

From time to time there appeared the semblance of what could be taken for a rapport between Pizzarello and McGrory. He seemed to have a genuine sympathy for the predicament McGrory frequently found himself in with the Crown's Public Interest Immunity certificates, and more often than not liberally interpreted the spirit rather than the letter of the law. Occasionally, too, in the stickiness of the courtroom, he permitted himself a dry laugh at Paddy McGrory's wry humour. On a couple of occasions Mr Pizzarello made what just might have been Freudian slips with regard to his personal views of the case, on one occasion causing a perturbed Michael Hucker, representing Soldiers A, B, C and D, to rise and complain that he was "a bit concerned by Your Honours' use of the term 'scene of the crime'".

The Gibraltar inquest, as with all such hearings, a greater or lesser degree, was a highly complex game played out before eleven varyingly interested spectators with the truth functioning as the ball. The authorities gained possession early on, constructing a self-contained scenario in defence of their actions which seemed well-nigh impenetrable. Much of the time thereafter was absorbed with Paddy McGrory bouncing his balls of logic and common sense off a ring of steel fashioned from hypothesis, military rationale and a fairly basic understanding of everyday Gibraltarian psychology.

At times McGrory's tactics seemed puzzling. He seemed, for example, to be bending over backwards to exonerate the Gibraltar police from any involvement in the alleged shoot-to-kill policy when there was ample evidence that the Commissioner was very much part of the Crown's four-square frontline of defence. At times like this it seemed as though the whole truth was an inevitable casualty of the ever-present imperative that the jury's temper not be prodded with any insinuation that one of their own might be involved in any conspiracy.

The Crown's case was obviously constructed with such considerations very much to the fore. In essence their defence began and ended with *The Bomb That Threatened The Gibraltarian People*. Only there was no such bomb. If the situation was as Paddy McGrory was alleging: that there had been a conspiracy to kill and that, regardless of whether there was a bomb or not, the SAS were going to kill the IRA active service unit anyway, it is difficult to imagine how the Crown might have put together a more watertight defence.

Initially, remember, when news of the shootings first came through, accompanied by misinformation about the guns and explosives the trio had brought into Gibraltar, the popular consensus was that major carnage had been averted by the prompt action of the authorities.

Then the rather awkward information became available that, in fact, there were neither guns nor explosives in Gibraltar that day. Explosives were subsequently found in Marbella and the IRA obligingly confirmed that the three had in fact been an active service unit on a mission with a quantity of explosives. The initial satisfaction felt by the Great British Public, temporarily unsettled by the news about the absence of guns and explosives, returned as it foreshortened in its mind the circumstantial gap between the incident itself and the discovery of explosives.

The task for the authorities was to present a scenario

which would allow a Gibraltarian jury to make the same mental somersault, a scenario which would provide a rationalization for what happened and simultaneously keep to the forefront of the jurors' minds - and obtain the maximum emotive value from the fact that, even if the deceased had not yet succeeded in planting a bomb in Gibraltar, this was their intention.

Hence the carefully constructed inverted pyramid, which Paddy McGrory referred to in his final address to the coroner, starting with the false assumptions made by British intelligence, incarnate at the inquest in the curtained body of Officer O, and sustained through the events of the weekend and afternoon of March 6, right up to their fossilized form in the thoughts of Soldiers A, B, C and D at the moments they pulled their triggers.

This scenario allowed the Crown to build also a sub-structure of self-contained logic which led to the almost inevitable justification of the killings, if not indeed their very inevitability. The Rules of Engagement, that most accommodating of documents, allowed the soldiers - once they had formed, by whatever means, the view that the IRA members were intent on setting off a bomb - power to use firearms effectively without warning, and to use them in the most lethal way possible, so long as they really believed what they told us they really believed.

The success of the Crown strategy can, as much as in the jury's verdict, be measured in the number of inquest hours spent in hearing experts from both sides argue the toss about the feasibility of setting off a bomb located in the assembly area by remote control from the places the killings occurred. There was, as Paddy McGrory himself said, an air of unreality about it. It was occasionally necessary to pinch and remind oneself: *there was no bomb in the assembly area and none of the three had a detonating device*. It could be argued that since the Crown chose to throw the balls, McGrory had to play them by fielding his own experts. But equally, by getting sucked into their game of self-contained logic McGrory may have allowed the Crown dictate the nature and pace of the inquest, leaving a lot of damning evidence about what actually happened on the day insufficiently underlined in the minds of the jury.

It all comes down in the end to the twenty-odd shots, fired by three men over an aggregate of not an actual period of ten seconds, which left three people dead. When the clouds of confusion created by the talk of plots and counter plots, traps, bombs, Rules of Engagement, warnings, threatening looks and things "uppermost" in people's minds are cleared away, that is what you are left with. That and the forensic evidence which, for all the sloppiness of the preservation-of-scene operation, is remarkably telling.

With Sean Savage as the coroner himself remarked, it is probably impossible to establish with any certainty what actually happened. The story told by Soldiers C and B about Savage "corkscrewing to the ground" while they were firing at him, while stretching credulity, might just possibly be true. Even so, there are a number of puzzling things about the evidence relating to Savage's shooting. The soldiers say they fired a total of fifteen shots at him - Soldier C six rounds and Soldier D nine. There was a total of fifteen bullet cases found in the vicinity, which seems to tie in. But another spent shell was found in Savage's left hand trouser pocket; something which seems to have been overlooked by both the doctor and Mr McGrory. If it did not relate to the shots fired, the possibility arises that it was some kind of bizarre "memento" planned by one of the soldiers. It is difficult to say which of the two scenarios is the most ominous.

The pathologist, Dr Alan Watson, said that he located sixteen distinct tracks through Savage's body, plus the possibility of more if two symmetrical wounds, one in either

shoulder, were taken into account. Watson could not establish any definite tracks leading to or from these wounds, but another pathology witness, Professor Derrick Pounder, established from the jacket worn by Savage that the wound on the left shoulder was a separate exit wound (rather than a ricochet or a graze from another bullet). This made seventeen.

Yet the soldiers insist that they fired only fifteen shots and turned in their magazines with the remaining live rounds to the police. They do not, however, appear to all have turned in other magazines they were carrying that day. Some of them say they did, others that they "didn't remember". The police officer who recorded receipt of the weapons and ammunition had no record of any extra magazines being handed in.

And, of course, there are the four strike marks within the area of the chalk mark showing where Savage's body lay, three of these within the area marking the head. The soldiers' case was that these shots were fired at Savage while he was falling to the ground. Both of them admit firing at his head. Both Professor Watson and Professor Pounder said that in their opinion some at least of the shots to the head had been fired while Savage was lying on his back on the ground. Professor Pounder advanced the view that the shots were fired from the direction of the feet. One of the two groups of spent shells mentioned by Sergeant Acris as being in the vicinity of Savage's body were found about four feet to the right of the head.

The inquest also heard evidence that the Browning pistols used by the SAS soldiers eject cartridges to the right, usually to a distance of *about four feet*...

If the evidence concerning Savage is at best suggestive, that with regard to McCann and Farrell is decidedly more clear. Professor Watson told the inquest that Mairead Farrell died from damage to the liver and heart resulting from damage by three bullets fired from the back. She also received two bullets to the head, which caused five wounds, all of which were superficial and would not have been fatal. Both bullets, according to Professor Watson, entered Farrell in the face - one in the left cheek and the other to the right of the chin, exiting respectively under the left ear and at the back of the neck. These wounds indicated that the shots had been fired while Farrell was facing the shooter and had been received before the three shots to the back.

The shots to the back were extremely close together at the point of entry - close to the midline of the back - and all displayed an upward trajectory, i.e. they exited at the front higher up in the body than they had entered at the back. They had either been fired from a crouching position or while Farrell's body was falling forward, or while she was lying face-down on the ground. Watson said that the closeness of the entry wounds together indicated that they had been fired from the same gun from close range while she was on the ground. The only other possible explanation, he suggested, was that the three shots had been fired in quick succession from the same gun while she was in the process of falling.

Daniel McCann, according to Watson, had been killed by two shots in the back, causing damage to the liver, heart and left lung, and/or by two shots to the head causing multiple fractures, laceration of the left cerebral hemisphere and extensive brain damage. The damage to the brain had been caused, in fact, by just one of the two shots, entering at the rear left side of the head and exiting at the left side of the neck. The other shot had hit him in the jaw and had caused only superficial damage. This could have been caused by a ricochet or by a bullet which had already passed through Mairead Farrell's body, said Professor Watson.

Soldiers A and B gave evidence that they both shot at Farrell and McCann. This confused the issue somewhat,

but Soldier A was specific and emphatic that he fired first one shot into McCann's back then one shot into Farrell's back, then three more at McCann: two into the back and one into the head. Discounting the mysterious wound in his left cheek, which may well have been as Professor Watson suggested, a ricochet, this is one more shot which Soldier A claims he fired into McCann's back than he actually received.

One possibility is that Soldier A missed with one of his shots. There were, according to the evidence, twelve shots in all fired outside the petrol station - five by Soldier A, seven by Soldier B - and only nine "hits".

In any event, there were no other wounds on McCann's body to account for the shots which Soldier B said that he fired at McCann. His evidence was that he fired first either one of two rounds at Farrell, then turned fire on McCann, then back on Farrell. He said that he did not miss with any of his seven shots, though he could not be specific as to how many he had fired at each of the two.

According to this analysis of his own and Soldier A's evidence, therefore, Soldier B did not hit McCann at all, except perhaps directly or indirectly with the mysterious bullet to McCann's jaw. Similarly on this analysis, Soldier A fired at most one shot into Farrell - and this into her back. Therefore, four of the five wounds received by Farrell had to be fired by Soldier B, and these wounds were fired from two different directions - two directly into her face as she was facing the shooter and two into her back.

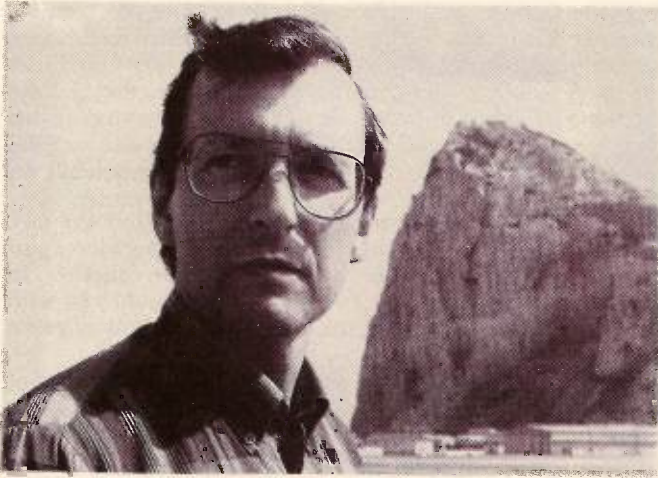
Soldier B said that he was directly behind Farrell at the time he was shooting at her. He fired first at the centre of her back and, having momentarily switched his fire to McCann, turned back to Farrell and continued to fire at her as she fell to the ground. But, as Farrell fell forward, there is no possible explanation within this scenario for the wounds which she received to the face.

To do what he says he did, Soldier B would have needed to fire two bursts of shots, firing from two completely different positions, within the space of a couple of seconds. Even allowing for all of the various eye-witness accounts which suggest that Soldier B had moved onto the road at the time of the shooting, and that Farrell was looking over her left shoulder at the police car when fire was opened, Soldier B would have needed to fire the two shots at Farrell's face from the road, and then move back onto the path before firing into her back. This is because all three wounds in her back were fired from her rear right-hand side - entering around the midline and exiting in the region of her left breast.

Even this scenario is allowing for details in three completely different accounts of both the position of Soldier B and the movements made by Mairead Farrell. On Soldier B's own account alone there is no possible way that it could have happened in the way he described.

In any event, as we have seen, Professor Watson testified that all three wounds to Farrell's back were of such a pattern that they must have been inflicted by the same weapon. Since the bullets all passed through the body, this is impossible to verify. But it appears that Soldier B fired at least two - and possibly all three - of the shots into Farrell's back while she lay on the ground, stunned or at least immobilized by the shots which she'd already received to her face. Another detail of the forensic evidence which tended to get overlooked at the inquest was the fact that one of the scene-of-crimes officers testified to noticing what he described as a "ricochet mark" in the pool of blood in the water table where Farrell fell. In fact, *Magill* has confirmed that there are *two* such marks within inches of each other in the concrete close to the edge of the path (see photo with this article).

In his summing up, the coroner pointed out to the jury that if they were to find that any of the three had been shot on the ground after being effectively put out of action, "that



Professor Derrick Pounder

would be murder if you come to the conclusion that the soldiers continued to shoot to finish him off". On the basis of this, together with the evidence of the Crown pathologist Dr Watson and the evidence of Soldiers A and B themselves, the conclusion that this precise act of murder was carried in the case of Mairead Farrell seems inescapable.

The precise sequence of events leading up to this is disputed, but there are, nevertheless, a number of eyewitness accounts which suggest that a more likely scenario was as follows. Farrell and McCann, walking past the Shell station, are approached from behind by Soldiers A and B. Soldier A is directly behind, on the footpath, and Soldier B is standing out on the road (Officer M/Officer I/Stephen Bullock/Carmen and Maxie Proetta/PC James Parody). Farrell hears police siren behind and looks around (Proetta/PC James Parody). Soldier A or B shouts a warning; Soldier B opens fire from the road (Proetta/PC Parody); he fires first at Farrell's face (Proetta/Professor Watson, the pathologist); various witnesses who say that Farrell was the first to fall. Farrell raises hands to her face (Proetta), having been only superficially wounded (Professor Watson), and is hit again in the face, falling to the ground face-down (various). McCann, having moved to protect Farrell, is himself hit once or twice in the head (Professor Watson) and falls also. Soldier B stops shooting, having fired seven rounds, two hitting each Farrell and McCann, the others ricocheting off petrol pumps four and five which are directly behind (see photo of pump four). Soldier A moves in and fires five shots from close range: three into the back of Farrell and two into the back of McCann as they lie on the ground (Officer I/Proetta/Josie Celecia).

Not only do many of the facts and eyewitness accounts support this version, but the known *modus operandi* of the SAS does also. The SAS regiment's Standard Operational Procedures instruct that soldiers employ a shooting technique known as "double tapping". This involves firing first into the head of the target person in order to destroy the brain's motor function, thus stopping all body movement. There was a double reason for firing at the head on this occasion, since the soldiers's own case is founded on the fact that they believed the IRA members were carrying a remote control device with a button, which presumably could as easily be triggered off by a bullet as by anything else. It was reasonable to expect that any such device might be concealed in the torso area of the body. However, the fact that they also fired several times into the back of each victim indicates that it is most unlikely that they were thinking any such thing.

Despite assertions by the SAS at the inquest that the regiment's track record shows a ratio of seventy-five arrests to twenty-five kills, nobody who has monitored the history



Professor Alan Watson

of the SAS involvement in Northern Ireland in recent years can think of a single instance where prisoners were taken from them.

Father Raymond Murray, who is based in Armagh, is currently researching a book on the activities of the SAS in the North over the past twelve years. Since 1976, he says, there is evidence of SAS involvement in forty-seven killings in the North, and there may be many more in what he describes as the "murky" period before that. He has not come across any examples of "arrests".

He sees many similarities between the evidence which emerged at the Gibraltar inquest and that given to inquests in the North into deaths in which there had been an SAS involvement. Soldiers have always been identified in court by letters of the alphabet, and cross examination has been curtailed by Crown solicitors making frequent objections to questions on grounds of "security". The SAS statements, too, he has found, invariably follow a pattern, with the same phraseology turning up with monotonous regularity. Soldiers invariably say they opened fire because they believed their lives were in danger, this being indicated by "sudden moves" on the part of the victims or the "sound of shots" (often where only the SAS themselves had fired any shots.) In some cases, says Father Murray, these "movements" have taken place while the victims were on the ground.

Following such killings, the SAS are invariably interviewed only in the presence of army lawyers, and generally speaking there is a pattern whereby these statements are not made for some time after the killings. In the Gibraltar case, the Soldiers left the Rock on the evening of the killings and did not make any statements until March 15 in London.

Such inquests in the North go mostly unreported and ignored, because the families of the victims cannot afford to hire lawyers to ensure a thorough examination of the facts. Whatever about the verdict, there is no doubt that Paddy McGrory's spotlight on the SAS methodology in Gibraltar has opened a lot of people's eyes to the role of the regiment in relation to Ireland and the IRA.

Eyewitness evidence that the three IRA members were shot on the ground was not as forthcoming at the inquest as was previously indicated it might be. However, it should be noted that Officer I said categorically in court that he did see shots being fired at Farrell and McCann after they had fallen. Other witnesses, by the time they gave evidence, were less sure than they had been when they gave previous accounts of what they had seen. It must be remembered that while the official witnesses were mostly trained surveillance people, with presumably eyes and memories for detail, the civilian witnesses did not have any such training or experience. Official witnesses, too, had the comfort of knowing that

their accounts were each part of a big picture, of which each one intimately knew his or her own part. Civilian witnesses stood alone and had to rely entirely on their own private recollections.

This factormay have had some bearing on the bizarre case of Kenneth Asquez, the young bank clerk who first told Thames Television in a written statement that he had seen Sean Savage shot on the ground "three or four times at point blank range", by a man who had his foot on Savage's throat. At the inquest, Asquez said that he had made this statement up because of pressure from Major Robert Randall, the man who took an amateur video of the aftermath of the shootings. Asquez claimed that Randall had harassed him by constantly phoning him at work and said that he made up the statement to get him off his back. He also alleged that Randall had offered him money. Major Randall was in America at the time of the inquest, but in a sworn affidavit to the court told a very different story of his dealings with Asquez. It was Asquez, he said, who had first brought up the subject of the shootings with him, in a conversation at the bank where Asquez worked. He had offered the account of what he had seen, completely voluntarily and without prompting. Some days later Randall says he got in touch with Asquez on behalf of Thames TV who were looking for witnesses to the shootings. Without revealing the name of the witness involved in the television people, Randall had contacted Asquez to ask him if he would be prepared to make a statement. He says he made only one such call and that the outcome was the Asquez arrived at his office some days later and gave him a statement in his own handwriting for Thames. Randall said that at no time had there been any suggestion of a payment in return for the statement, as alleged by Asquez.

Subsequently Asquez was approached by Mr Christopher Finch, the Gibraltar lawyer who was helping to collate evidence for the Thames documentary, 'Death on the Rock'. Mr Finch contacted Asquez and asked him if he would come to his office. Asquez arrived one or two days later and in a conversation with Finch repeated the allegations he had made in his earlier statement. Finch took notes and later had them typed up in a draft affidavit form. There was never any real chance that Asquez would sign the form as he told Finch that he did not want to give an interview to or be named on the programme. He also told him that he was very worried and that the affair was affecting his health. Finch, however, went through the motions of having the affidavit drawn up on behalf of Thames, his clients. He handed this draft over to Thames because, though unsigned, and therefore of no legal value, it was still their property.

How this unsigned and unsworn statement came to be broadcast as fact is currently under investigation by Thames. But a subject equally worthy of inquiry is how someone who was able at the inquest to endure the humiliation of being called a liar over and over again - and yet stick to a story which was to make him the most infamous witness of the inquest - could possibly have yielded to the "pressure" of a couple of phone calls from a retired army major. Asquez stood in the witness box as, time and time again, John Laws for the Crown accused him of making "a base and lying statement", with all the inflexion his public school accent could muster. Up in the press gallery, reporters were taking notes which would ensure that, within a few hours, the entire world would know that Kenneth Asquez was a liar. This is pressure.

Felix Pizzarello took just over an hour and a quarter to charge the jury. It was a fair and comprehensive address. He explained that there were five sets of circumstances in which they could bring in a verdict of unlawful killing. In three of these instances the persons responsible - the jury were expressly prohibited from pointing the finger of blame at

anybody - would be guilty of murder. The most simple example of murder and which would lead them to return a verdict of unlawful killing - would be if the jury found that the SAS soldiers went out that day with the specific intention of killing and that the arrest procedure worked out with the police was only a facade. The coroner also told the jury that if they believed any of the three were shot while on the ground to finish them off then this too was murder.

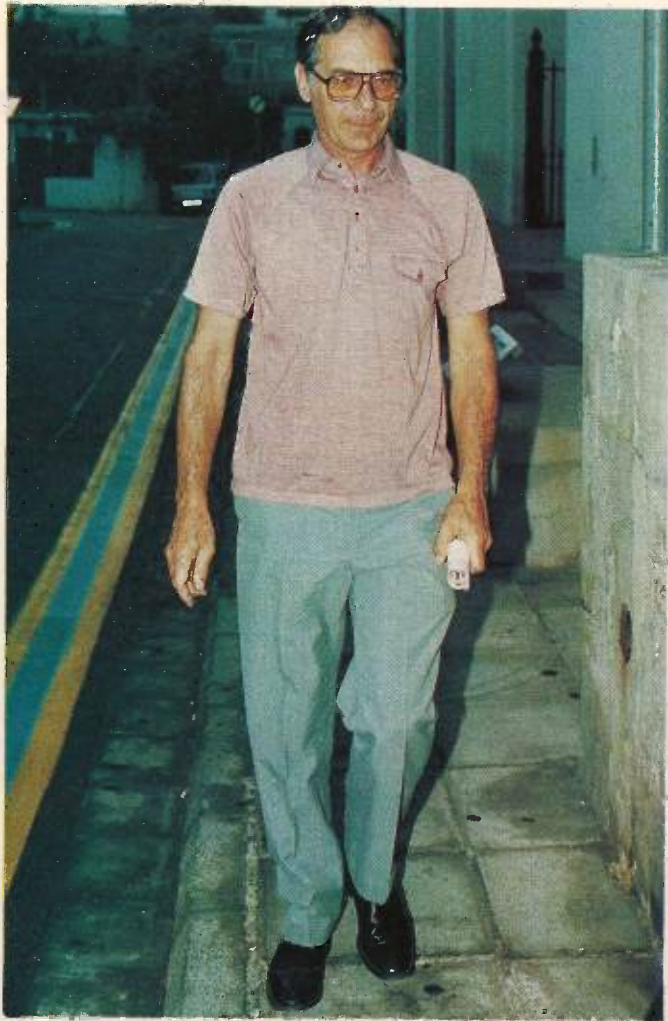
The third situation was more complicated. Here the jury would have to conclude that there had been a high level plot to kill the three once they were trapped inside Gibraltar. In this instance responsibility for the murder would rest with the most senior officers of the SAS and British intelligence Office O.

There were two other situations where a verdict of unlawful killing could be arrived at. These depended on the degree of force used. If the soldiers believed it was necessary to use force to apprehend Farrell and McCann and no force was necessary, or if the force used was excessive, an unlawful killing verdict could be returned. In this instance it would - Notwithstanding the obvious efforts the coroner made to be fair and comprehensive, there were shortcomings, particularly in relation to his summing up of the evidence of eyewitnesses to the shooting of Sean Savage. These were crucial. In the case of the evidence of Robin Mordue the coroner stated categorically, "that there were no shots fired after Savage is on the ground". This was a gross misunderstanding of the evidence tendered by Mordue.

Mordue had been a nervous witness and lacked self confidence. He had to be recalled a second time to give his evidence from the start. The most controversial aspect of his evidence had to do with whether he was able to say if Sean Savage had been shot on the ground. He gave his account to the coroner and then was cross-examined (twice) by Michael Hucker for Soldiers AcG, John Laws for the Crown and Paddy McGrory for the relatives of the deceased. Because Mordue appeared to change his account in relation to where Savage was when the second fusillade of shots was fired, it was suggested that his account was unreliable. But close inspection of the evidence he gave, and on which he was subject to stringent, cross examination, shows that his account did not change from the original version he tendered. Mordue did not see Savage being shot on the ground, and it was this which both the Crown and soldiers' lawyers sought to bring out in cross-examination. However, what he did say was that shots rang out, that he was pushed to the ground, that out of the corner of his eye he saw Savage fall to the ground as well. On the ground Mordue struggled for a few seconds. Savage, whom he had seen falling, had already been shot a number of times and it is most unlikely - and it was never suggested - that he tried to get up again. Mordue then heard a second round of shots as he struggled to get up. The only inference that can be drawn from Mordue's evidence was that Savage was then on the ground as the second round of shots was fired. Yet, Felix Pizzarello's charge to the jury was that Mordue's evidence had been that no shots were fired while he was on the ground.

A similar misinterpretation was placed on the evidence of the other civilian eyewitness to the shooting, Diane Treacy. Savage was a few feet behind her and one of the SAS soldiers a few feet in front. After the soldier fired she turned and saw Savage fall to the ground. Treacy then fled. Pizzarello then pointed out that she had agreed that she had not seen any more shots fired while Savage was on the ground. While this is correct it was unfair to tell the jury this without pointing out that at the point Diane Treacy fled she had heard only between three and five shots fired. That leaves up to a dozen shots unaccounted for from the time she ran when Savage was on the ground.

There were other disconcerting elements to the coroner's charge. One of the most important witnesses who gave



The coroner, Mr. Felix Pizzarello

evidence was the pathologist Professor Watson. The reason why his evidence was so important was that its conclusions are based on science. There is no incorrect information arising from bad recollection or a witness jelling lies. The evidence of Watson was highly suggestive that Farrell had been shot while on the ground. He was (one of the first witnesses to give evidence. There had been many contradictory accounts furnished in the meantime. Watson's independent and uncoloured testimony would not have been fresh in the minds of the jury at the end. Yet the coroner Felix Pizzarello dismissed it in a couple of lines. He did not detail the main points Watson had made. He merely told them that the pathologist had given opinion and it was the jury's discretion as to whether they wanted to accept them.

The jury retired at 11.28am to consider a verdict. Pizzarello recalled them at 5pm. He told them that they were entitled to a reasonable amount of time but they were now "reaching the edge of that time". In response to questions to the jury the court heard that they had reached a verdict but did not have a sufficient majority. The additional information that the verdict they had reached was the same in all three cases, except for a slight difference in the case of one, made it clear that they were leaning towards lawful killing. Pizzarello told them to return to discuss the matter further and asked them if possible to return with a verdict by 7pm.

This was an extraordinary request by any standards, but coming from Felix Pizzarello it was bizarre. For a month Pizzarello had demonstrated that patience was not just his virtue but his trademark. There was tortuous examination and re-examination of witnesses to make sure that even the

smallest of details was clarified before a witness was allowed leave the box. At times it was tedious, but Pizzarello, in the minds of everybody attending the inquest, showed a determination -- to be thorough. The time it took to do this was -- quite correctly -- irrelevant. Some of the witnesses had been in the box longer than the jury were out considering their verdict. The jury had to evaluate the evidence of over ninety witnesses. Now Felix Pizzarello after five-and-a-half hours -- which included an hour's break for lunch -- was telling them to hurry up. From this point on it was a stopwatch verdict.

Some inkling of what was going through Pizzarello's mind might well be gleaned from a conversation a senior official from the coroner's office had with a couple of journalists earlier that afternoon. The official seemed to favour a quick result. He quoted Cardinal Hume who once said that in matters of judgement it is well to have second thoughts but in matters of conscience there must be none.

The court resumed at 7pm. The pressure exerted on them had worked. They sent a message down to say they hoped to bring in a verdict in fifteen minutes. The stopwatch had run its course and it was now into extra time. The pressure which had been imposed on them favoured a lawful killing verdict. Two hours previously the jury had been in favour of a lawful verdict by seven to four. With the dock running it was a lot easier to change the minds of two people in order to get a verdict of lawful killing than to change the minds of five others to get a verdict of unlawful killing. The packed court waited as the tension rose.

Crown Counsel John Laws was in perky form. Throughout the inquest he had made no secret of his dislike for the media. At one point when a witness remarked that he had read about a particular point he had made in evidence in the newspapers, Laws remarked as an aside, "Somebody has to read them, I suppose". At the end of Paddy McGrory's summing up the coroner had requested the media not to print or broadcast any of the material contained in it lest the jury read it before retiring to consider a verdict. Within an hour the material was broadcast in part by BBC Radio 4. Laws was on the attack, criticising the BBC. But, he said, he did not want to make an issue of it as he had no wish to give this "dishonest and dishonourable spat" more attention than it deserved. Now, as the court waited for those fifteen minutes to pass, John Laws turned to the press gallery, waved and smilingly said: "Have a nice day". John Laws seemed confident about which way the verdict was going.

When the verdict was announced there was an immediate rush from the press gallery. Felix Pizzarello had requested a policeman to go and get forms on which the jury were to formally record their verdict. Because of the noise of the stampede, nobody remaining in the press gallery had heard Pizzarello make this request. It was five minutes before the policeman returned. In the interval, nobody in the court spoke a word. There was total silence. Nobody -- at least nobody remaining in the press gallery -- knew what they were waiting for in the middle of this long silence. It was as if a moment had been frozen in time.

Gibraltar is a very small town. Carmen Proetta's step-brother is the Police Commissioner, Stephen Bullock, a lawyer, was one of the main eyewitnesses. The firm he is employed by was retained by Kenneth Asquez to represent him when he took the stand to retract his alleged eyewitness account. As with a lot of other small towns its people do not have much time for the niceties of law. The official from the coroner's office may well have fingered a pulse when he distinguished between the moral and legal position outlined in the quote by Cardinal Hume. Most Gibraltarians welcomed the verdict. The taxi driver who drove a *Magill* reporter to the frontier was delighted. Asked why, if there had been an intention only to make arrests, Sean Savage had been shot sixteen times he replies, "Probably because the soldier who shot him ran out of bullets".

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SHEPHERDS IN THE GHEE

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN WEST BIRMINGHAM

BY EAMONN McCANN

(PART ONE OF A TWO PART SERIES)



Derek Speirs/Report

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"IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THIS", MUSEO A community worker at the headquarters of the Falls Community Council. "If they (the British Government) can get the Catholics of West Belfast on-side they'll have the problem solved. But until they do no settlement is going to work".

Catholic West Belfast has been the bane of British and Northern Irish governments for longer than a century and never more so than now. About 90,000 overwhelmingly working-class people live in the huge fan-shaped area which runs south-west from Castle Street in the city centre along Divis Street and Falls Road and opens out along Andersonstown Road and the Glen Road to Poleglass and Twinbrook ten miles away on the outskirts of Lisburn. Over the past two decades its streets have seen more violence than any other urban area in Europe.

It is, in the fashionable phrase, the most "alienated" area of the North, not only the biggest and most densely-populated of Catholic districts but with the highest proportion of intransigent supporters of Republicanism. It returns seven Sinn Féin representatives to Belfast Council. Gerry Adams has been its MP since 1983.

In St Luke's Church in Twinbrook on April 24, the month after the Milltown Cemetery and Andersonstown Road killings had made the area the focus of intense media scrutiny, the Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, Cathal Daly, delivered a sermon in which he analysed and then prescribed a remedy for West Belfast's social ills. He cited unemployment and housing statistics, attacked the Industrial Development Board for allegedly "writing off" the area, while praising the efforts of the Housing Executive. He referred to discrimination against Catholics in employment and specifically criticised the records of Shorts Ltd, and the Harland and Wolff shipyard. Dr. Daly condemned the security forces for a "lack of sensitivity" in their dealings with local people and forthrightly denounced the IRA for allegedly operating a "revolutionary strategy" deliberately designed to deepen deprivation. He called on the Northern Ireland Office to formulate a "comprehensive plan of overall development" for the area, elements in the plan to include "a radical new approach to industrial training", the establishment of an "information technology workshop", the provision of funds for the rental of a nearby empty factory as a location for new job-creation projects and the inauguration of a scheme to attract private funds to "rop up" government grants to local enterprises. The bishop suggested the recruitment into the civil service of a team of talented people "with sufficient understanding of and empathy with" the local community to supervise the implementation of the plan.

Thousands of copies of the sermon were later printed under the title "The Way Forward" and distributed free to other West Belfast parishes. It drew an enraged response from radical activists in the area, of whom Fr Desmond Wilson has been much the most

trenchant. Wilson, the North's best-known "dissident priest", has been engaged in a bare-knuckle polemical battle with the Down and Connor diocese for the past twenty years. He argues that Daly is motivated not so much by genuine concern for the interests of his flock but by a desire to establish, or re-establish, control over them. Wilson has co-authored a rebuttal of the Twinbrook sermon, published last month as a pamphlet, "The Way Forward?": a wealth of derision is implied in the question-mark.

The pamphlet describes the formation in the last few years of a series of interlocking limited companies, trusts and community organisations in West Belfast, all of them having the bishop or priests close to him on their boards or committees, all heavily dependent on Government, and more latterly International Fund support and all, Wilson argues, intended to discourage and displace already-existing grass-roots initiatives. "Over the past twenty years", says Wilson, "people around here have created alternative community organisations, alternative political parties, alternative forms of education and job creation, even alternative forms of worship. The Church authorities want to bring all that activity under control. There's a convergence of interest there between them and government. I believe that the Church authorities are offering themselves to the political authorities as the main agency for social control in this area and I find that abominable".

The Catholic Church in Belfast has always found difficulty in balancing between the need to speak for its own people and the need to maintain a business-like relationship with governments whom its own people have regarded as hostile. And given the radical nature of political ideas sometimes generated by the Catholics' sense of exclusion from the established order of things, it has occasionally had to confront movements emerging from the Catholic community itself, both to maintain its authority and to ensure that its institutional interests are not put at risk in political turbulence. Cathal Daly is by no means the first diocesan chief who has had to gird himself for political battle, although it is arguable that none previous has had to face into such a cold confrontation with "internal" opposition.

THE FIRST FORMALLY-CONSTITUTED Bishop of Down and Connor was Cornelius O'Devany, ordained in the late sixteenth century. Belfast at the time was little more than a cluster of houses. The main area of Church activity was in the Antrim countryside where O'Devany moved from village to village ministering to scattered enclaves of Catholics. He appears to have had an ambiguous attitude to Catholic rebelliousness but was nevertheless accused by the Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, of involvement with Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell, the Earls who took flight in 1607. Chichester, after whom Belfast's Chichester Street is now named, was the main architect

of the Ulster Plantation, intended to scour all trace of popish disloyalty from the land. He had an unsqueamish approach. O'Devany was arrested, tried in Dublin and sentenced "to be taken back to prison and then drawn on a cart to the place of execution, there hanged on the gallows and cut down while alive, stripped, disembowelled, his heart and bowels burnt, his head cut off and his body quartered". An old man of seventy-nine, O'Devany died in this fashion in 1612. Understandably perhaps, there was no official Catholic presence in the environs of Belfast for some time thereafter. In 1677 came the appointment of the first priest ever specifically accredited to Belfast - as distinct from the diocese. This was Philomy O'Hamill, ordained in that year by Oliver Plunkett. It was about time to become a priest. O'Hamill led a miserable existence in and around the Belfast area where there were few Catholics and few obvious candidates for conversion. He survived the period of the Williamite Wars, but continued to be hunted in a rather desultory way until he surrendered to the authorities in 1708 and died in prison.

At the time of O'Hamill's ordination Belfast consisted of a castle, the Protestant church of St George and about twenty streets along the riverside. If there were Catholics among the populace they weren't advertising their presence. However, it is notable that, judging by O'Hamill's experience, Belfast's Protestants were not the intolerant bigots of caricature. They petitioned the authorities for his release and, after his death, petitioned that he should be allowed burial according to the rites of the Catholic Church. In a survey the year before his surrender, 1707, seven Belfast Catholics proclaimed their religious allegiances, the first recorded Catholics of the city.

By the middle of the eighteenth century Belfast was a middling-sized port with a few industries servicing trade - ropes, salt, etc - and already a centre of small-scale linen production. It had a population of 8,549 of whom 556 were Catholics. The town's priest, John O'Mullan, said mass on Sundays at a sand-pit by Fiar's Bush in Stranmillis just outside the town. He appears not to have been harassed or his services attacked. By the 1770s it was being publicly advertised that mass was said on Sunday mornings at the home of a Catholic businessman, John Kennedy.

Catholics drifted slowly into Belfast through the eighteenth century to find work in emerging industries, such as linen, salt, beer, rope and pottery. Already, they were beginning to congregate in the Falls area to the west of the town centre. There is scant evidence of inter-communal bitterness. This is partly explained, no doubt, by the fact that the Catholics were such a small minority that they presented no real threat to any established interest and by the generally quieter conditions following the tumultuous upheavals of the previous century. But just as important was the fact that the Belfast Presbyterians, who increasingly provided the

town's intellectual leadership, although they did not labour under the harsh, penal disadvantages still suffered by the Catholics, were themselves disadvantaged in relation to the Anglican establishment and had come to make common cause with the Catholics.

The first Catholic church in Belfast, St Mary's in Chapel Lane, was opened in 1784 to cater for a flock which now numbered perhaps 3,000. Much of the money to build it was subscribed by Presbyterians. At the opening ceremony the Belfast Volunteers lined up splendidly arrayed in scarlet and black uniforms under the command of Capt Waddle Cunningham to provide a guard of honour for parish priest Hugh O'Donnell - himself in full-dress regalia - as he and the Catholic populace arrived in procession for their great day. The Anglican sovereign of the town paid for the pulpit.

The Belfast Presbyterians were the most radical political element in all Ireland. They had enthusiastically welcomed the American Revolution against George III: "The Presbyterians of Belfast are all Americans in their hearts", opined O'Lea official reporter. In 1794 the Belfast Volunteers were the first in Ireland to allow Catholics to join. These were the people of Hope, McCracken and Russell, people of small property and great, generous spirit. But while the ideas they espoused led them to embrace the cause of the Catholics, and while these ideas of freedom, fraternity and the Rights of Man were arguably those most appropriate to the Catholic masses themselves, they were, as well, ideas which were anathema to the Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland, as everywhere, and that was eventually to be significant for the shaping of Belfast's Catholic community.

At the beginning of the last century Belfast had a population of around 20,000, of whom between 3,000 and 4,000 were Catholics. By the end of the century it was a city of 340,000, between a quarter and a third Catholic.

Belfast's rising commerce was remarkably undisturbed by '98 Rebellion. The collapse into chaos and defeat of the Rebellion had a sobering effect on Presbyterian politics in the city, but Presbyterian liberalism in the form of Whiggery was to survive as a distinct political tendency through the century. Meanwhile the entrepreneurial genius of the Protestant merchant class was put to good effect.

AS INDUSTRY EXPANDED, LARGE numbers of both Catholics and Protestants poured in from the rural hinterland. They tended to cluster together with their own kind in areas which rapidly developed into appalling slums. Although the conditions of Protestant slum-dwellers were scarcely, if at all, better than those of their Catholic counterparts, the position and self-image of the communities differed in that the Protestants had co-religionists of wealth and substance in the town and a resultant sense of identification with the civic establishment. To an extent, Catholics settled in already

alienated. Competition for jobs and territory was inevitable and always carried a potential for sectarian strife. Belfast experienced its first inter-communal disturbances in 1813. By later standards it didn't amount to much but, as in all such circumstances, the divisions it reflected were reinforced by the fact of its happening.

The tremor of nervousness which the first sectarian battles caused in the minority Catholic community strengthened the tendency of newcomers to huddle into their own area. Catholic Belfast bulged out on both sides of the Falls, clumps of mean streets encircling the mills they depended on: the low wages, long hours and early-morning start made it necessary to live alongside the workplace. The Catholics were desperately poor, uncertain of themselves and mostly illiterate, ravaged by fever, tuberculosis and malnutrition. An open sewer running the length of the Falls carried away the filth. As the linen trade expanded and spawned subsidiary activities such as brickworks and haulage and sucked in more immigrants, one commentator observed: "The one great question which builders in the neighbourhood have to meet is how to get at that channel of abomination in order to contribute to its nastiness". In the 1830s forty-five percent of all deaths in the city were from contagious disease. The death-rate for under-thirties was more than double that for Ireland as a whole. In this situation, the Church was the one institution capable of providing Catholics with a sense of identity and belonging and of their own human worth.

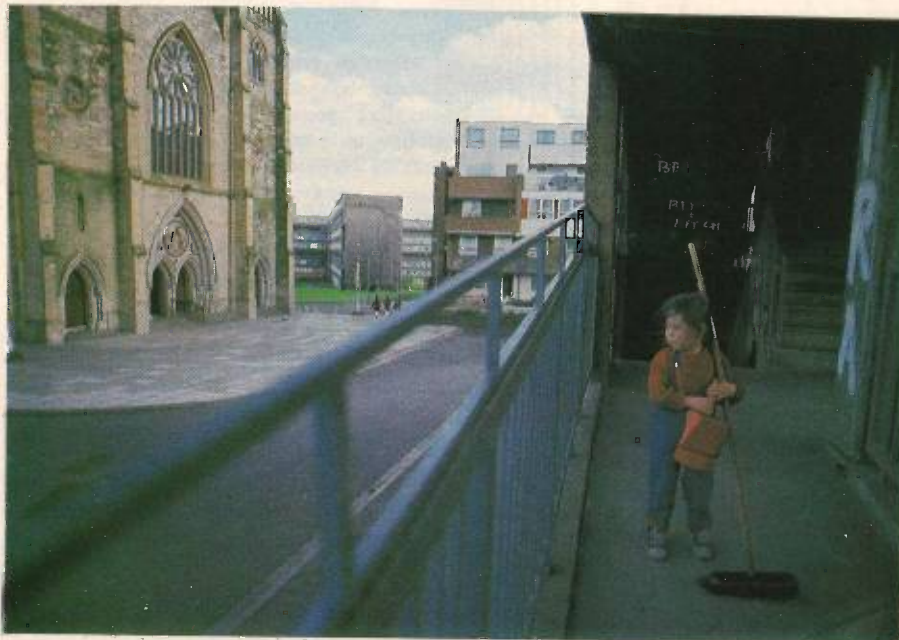
For most of the century, however, it was ill-equipped for the task. The second Catholic church, St Patrick's in Donegall Street, opened in 1815, the third, St Malachy's, in 1844. The first school, St Patrick's, was opened in 1828. But there was a great shortage of priests and Church organisation consistently lagged behind the growth in the Catholic population.

William Crolley, appointed to Down and Connor in 1825, was the first Catholic bishop to become an important figure in Belfast life generally. Crolley well understood the delicacy of the Catholics' position and constantly counselled good citizenship and respect for the law. His influence was warmly appreciated by the civil authorities. His successor, Cornelius Denvir, followed the same line. Neither offered much in the way of leadership. Denvir, a scholarly professor of philosophy, seemed unnerved by the ferocity of anti-Catholic feeling whipped up from the early thirties by Protestant demagogues such as the prototype Paisley Henry Cooke, who at a mass rally in Hillsborough in 1834 proclaimed the "political marriage of Presbyterianism, the Church of Ireland and the Tories". Denvir rarely ventured out.

Cooke's Hillsborough marriage was by no means fully consummated. The voice of the liberal Presbyterians, the *Northern Whig*, regularly poured scorn on his rantings. It had welcomed Catholic Emancipation in 1829, which had boosted the morale of Belfast



The Church authorities are offering themselves to the political authorities as the main agency for social control in this area.



If the material conditions of Catholics remained dreadful, if the community was still excluded from power and decent employment, they at least had imposing churches, schools and halls to take pride in and derive an identity from.

Catholics while having negligible impact on their conditions of life. And Presbyterian liberals remained well-disposed generally towards the Catholic community. At the laying of the foundation stone for St Malachy's Church in 1841 the toast was: "To the Liberal Protestants of Belfast", some of whom had dug deep to fund the building.

Still, the trajectory of developments was ominous. The first deaths from sectarian violence happened in 1832, the first mass Orange attack on the Falls in 1835. And other developments were putting strain on relations between liberal Protestants and the Church.

The *Northern Whig*, although recognising the legitimacy of Catholic grievance in relation to education as to much else, nevertheless strongly supported the ideal of non-sectarian schooling and this brought it into repeated conflicts with Catholic clerics. An important example was the introduction by Peel's Liberal government in 1845 of a Bill to establish "Queen's Colleges" in Belfast, Galway and Cork to give both Catholics and Presbyterians fresh access to third-level education. Irish Presbyterians overwhelmingly welcomed the measure as, briefly, did a few Catholics. The Bill offered both churches the right to provide on-campus religious instruction and chaplaincy services and to nominate representatives to governing bodies. It was denounced by the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh as "pregnant with danger to the faith and morals of the youth of this country". The Church issued a series of demands, including that the professors of a number of departments, including zoology, history, logic and anatomy, should be Catholics if any Catholics were to take these courses. In effect, separate Catholic departments. When Peel's administration rejected these demands with disbelief, Catholics were forbidden to attend the new colleges. Thus Queen's College, Belfast, opened in 1849 as an all-Protestant institution. The distinguished Celtic scholar, John O'Donovan, no Protestant having opted to take his course, attracted no students to the lectures he patiently prepared every year until his death in 1861. The *Whig* and those it spoke for were appalled at this performance and at the Church attitudes it indicated.

The *Whig* also welcomed an 1854 Bill providing for the inspection of converts to ensure that young women hadn't been pressurised into entering religious orders. Bishop Denvir and his clergy reacted publicly with fury.

These and other controversies, frequently concerning education, happened at a crucial time in the development of Belfast and in the determination of what the Catholic community's position in Belfast would be.

THE CITY'S EXPANSION ACCELERATED from the 1840s onward. The first railway, to Lisburn, was laid down in 1839 and extended to Portadown four years later. A new dock was built in 1841, then the Donegall Quay extended and modernised and the Victoria Channel gouged out to allow heavier ships

to use the port. Thousands continued to pour in from the countryside and the insanitary working-class areas seeped outwards. By 1860 there were 41,000 Catholics among the city's 140,000 people. From 1857 onwards there were regular minor outbreaks of sectarian violence and occasionally major strife.

Meanwhile, shipbuilding and heavy industry became fully established. The linen trade received a major boost when the American civil war devastated the Lancashire cotton trade and opened up vast new markets for an alternative textile. Within a decade, just short of a million new spindles were installed in Belfast. This provided the basis for Belfast to become the world's largest producer of linen manufacturing machinery. A new layer of skilled workers emerged, no longer ragamuffins who coughed their lungs out in the mills, but men who went to work in sturdy boots and bowler hats and whose skills gave them status and bargaining power. Inevitably, Catholics lost out in the communal competition for these jobs. And as the jobs were defended, to be "passed down", the systematic exclusion of Catholics from the major areas of industry became a settled fact of Belfast life. By no means all Protestant workers benefitted from these developments, but those workers who did benefit were all Protestants. It was during this period that, in asserting its institutional rights, and its authority over its "own" people, that the Catholic Church cut its community off from the only section of Belfast Protestantism which was ideologically in support of full citizenship for the Catholic people.

At the same time, the Church was in organisational chaos. Through the fifties Dr Denvir, a naturally timid man, increasingly averred his eyes from the violence and squalor of Belfast to concentrate on tending his flock in the more serene areas of Antrim. Drunkenness, licentiousness and inattention to religious duty were rife along the Falls and in other Catholic city areas. One estimate suggested that as many as a thousand Catholics a year were "lapsing". Great numbers were still illiterate: while disapproving of "Protestant" schools, the Church had not managed to provide an adequate alternative. There was a change of a sort when Patrick Dorrian was appointed coadjutor bishop in 1860, and more so when he assumed full episcopal authority in 1865. Dorrian was a remarkable man. More than any other single individual he created the Catholic Church as it is today in Belfast. He was intellectually formidable, politically astute, an organiser of genius and possessed endless energy.

Dorrian moved swiftly to revitalise the Church in the city and to stamp his authority on it. His first target was instructive. The Catholic Institute had been setup in 1859 by businessmen of impeccably orthodox opinions who had purchased a house near the city centre, intending it as a centre where respectable Catholics, excluded from much of civic life, could meet to discuss business or

socialise and to hold meetings and other functions. It had a small library and a newspaper reading room. In 1865 Dorrian stunned the members of the Institute by informing them that in setting up their meeting place they had challenged the authority of the Church. When some Institute members resisted this view Dorrian threatened "to debar them from the Sacraments... all and every one". The Institute was wound up, greatly to the gleeful distaste of Belfast Protestants of all persuasions who saw it as proof positive of the Catholic Church's totalitarian nature and the timidity of even its most substantial members in the face of clerical censure.

But Dorrian would have been unconcerned about Protestant reaction. He was asserting Church authority over Catholics. It was in the matter of obedience to authority that Catholics differed most fundamentally from Protestants, and in particular from Presbyterians. Throughout his priestly life he welcomed Protestant support for causes endorsed by the Church. But in matters internal to the Catholic community - and he adjudged the Institute, being a specifically Catholic group, to come within that category - only the Church had authority to initiate or regulate. "Some of my own people wish to have themselves entirely free of Ecclesiastical control in what they have called the 'Catholic Institute'", he wrote later, "I have to make a stand to purge it from the Presbyterian leaven". Dorrian's next defence of Church authority over its "own" was against an external opponent. In 1866 the town council bought land off the Falls for a cemetery. It offered ten acres to the Catholics and seventeen to the Protestants, the rest of the land to be open to all comers. Dorrian demanded total control over the Catholic patch, in effect legal ownership by the diocese. He argued that Catholics must be buried in consecrated ground but that he was debarred by canon law from consecrating ground over which a non-Catholic body retained rights. (This is highly questionable). In an effort to placate him, the council had a six-foot deep trench dug around the interdicted Catholic section and an underground brick wall built. Dorrian was unimpressed. He cited possibly canonical difficulties, such as that a Catholic might buy a plot in the Catholic section, then become a Protestant but have had it stipulated in a will made while a Catholic that he or she was to be buried in the original Catholic plot. Would the Church have a legal right to turn the ex-Catholic corpse away? Dorrian rallied the Catholic community in a fund-raising drive to buy land for a Catholics-only cemetery and eventually bought a site at Milltown. Twenty thousand Catholics turned out to join in lusty hymn-singing to celebrate the opening in 1870. An address presented to Dorrian at a banquet to mark that year's Vatican Council expressed relief that "We are no longer exposed to the danger of being interred in desecrated ground and having our bones disturbed by unhallowed hands".

DORRIAN POURED MUCH OF HIS GREAT energies into expanding the Catholic school network. In the course of his twenty-year reign he opened new schools in the diocese at an average rate of one every six months. He brought the Christian Brothers to Belfast to cater for boys and the Dominican nuns to found a school on the Falls where efforts to inculcate "industrious, orderly and lady-like habits" into young Belfast women continued to this day. He preached constantly against the dangers presented by mixed, national schools and stamped hard on the few daring Catholics who argued for a non-denominational system: "I am absolutely appalled by their disregard for authority. (The Bishops) must lay down the law for them, for teachers, and for all." He appointed Ireland's first full-time diocesan religious knowledge inspector, a priest who visited each Catholic school at least once a year to examine pupils and report back on standards of instruction.

He set about attracting Catholics back to the sacraments with some style. 1865 saw Belfast's first city-wide "general mission", which opened with a public procession to a sung High Mass in St Mary's. Twenty-four extra priests were drafted in to hear confessions ten hours a day, six days a week, for a month and to say masses each morning and conduct devotions in the evenings. The Holy See contributed a plenary indulgence to all who participated faithfully. An air of pietistic excitement enveloped Catholic Belfast. By the end of the mission 30,000 had been to confession and communion, many for the first time, and two Protestants had been converted.

Dorrian reorganised the city's parishes, altering boundaries to take account of the changing population, codifying the exact duties of parish priests and curates and making each parish responsible for its own fundraising. Door-to-door collections were introduced.

The institutions of the Church came to dominate the day-to-day life of Catholic Belfast. This was true even in a physical sense. In 1867 Dorrian had opened St Peter's Belfast. This was true even in a physical sense. In 1867 Dorrian had opened St Peter's Church off the Falls. It was an ornate, solid-stone, gothic-style, twin-spired building, as impressive as any church in the city, as it still is. The dedication was accounted the most impressive religious spectacle ever witnessed in Belfast. Cardinal Cullen, twelve bishops and scores of priests took part in the solemn ceremony. A choir and full orchestra performed Haydn's No. 3 Grand Imperial. Four years later St Paul's further up the Falls Road was added. Further along still, St Joseph's opened in 1880. St Matthew's, Ballymacarret, followed in 1883. If the material conditions of Catholics in Belfast remained dreadful, if the community was still excluded from power and decent employment, they at least had imposing churches, schools and halls to take pride in and derive an identity from.

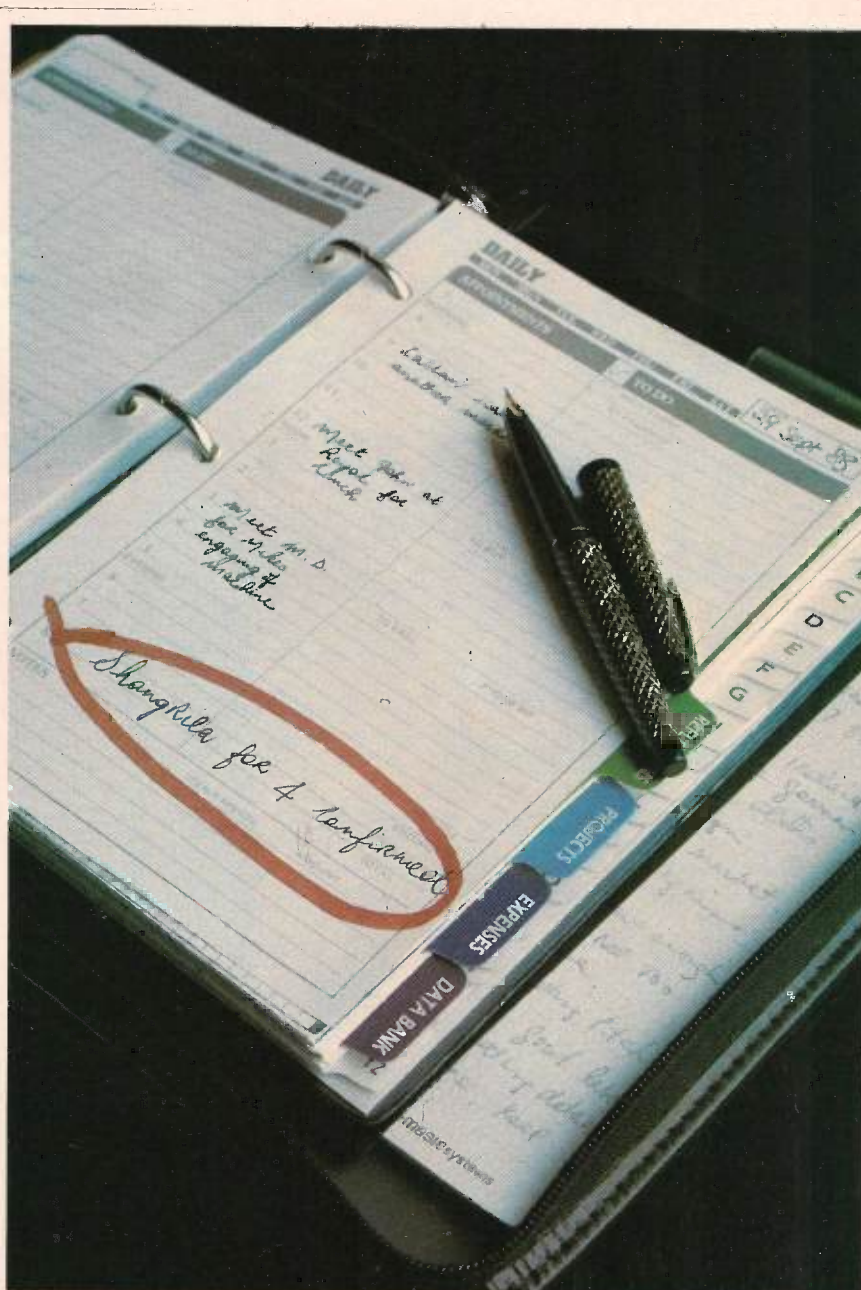
Dorrian set a style and *modus operandi*

which the Church has followed, or tired to, in Belfast ever since. It developed as an efficient, disciplined organisation which has sought the widest support for its own institutional interests while defining these as being co-extensive with the interests of the Catholic people. Logically, given this perception, it has sought to stifle any dissident or even alternative voice claiming to speak for any section of the Catholic people. It has been logical, too, that it should tend to support conservatives of any religion who backed, say, denominational education against advocates of mixed schools who pursued social reform. Dorrian pushed this to the limit in 1877 when the Church in Belfast publicly backed Charles Stewart Vane-Tempest-Stewart, Sixth Marquess of Londonderry, aka Lord Castlereagh, a Conservative who was sound on the Catholic schools question, in a by-election against a Liberal who was out for a measure of social reform, but distinctly wobbly on the schools. Put crudely, the litmus-test has always been: what's in it for the Church?

Towards the end of his episcopacy Dorrian copper-fastened Church authority over the politics of the Catholics. The bishop and priests of the city had openly associated themselves with the Home Rule Association and later with Parnell's National League. Dorrian, like most Irish bishops, having experienced continuing perturbation about the Liberals' unreliability on education and other issues,

A founder member of the HRA and later president of the Belfast branch of the League was John Duddy, a "good Catholic" but also aman of "advanced" nationalist views, not fully convinced of the Church's right to regulate Catholics' political behaviour. He had angered the bishop by organising a number of nationalist parades on the Falls, which Dorrian had deemed ill-advised.

More importantly, Duddy dallied with some "communist" ideas of Davitt such as land nationalisation and had pointedly failed to condemn the "outrages" associated with the land war in the early eighties. Since the "outrages" had been condemned by the Vatican this was interpretable as a challenge to the Church. In September 1884 Duddy compounded his offences by inviting Davitt to address a meeting in St Mary's Hall in Bank Place. Dorrian didn't publicly object but a fortnight later endorsed a further public meeting to which four prominent Parnellite moderates - T.P. O'Connor, William O'Brien, Tim Healy and J.F. Small, all MPs - travelled from Dublin. The meeting was chaired by Fr Green, administrator of St Malachy's. Twenty-five priests sat on the platform. A resolution was passed supporting private ownership of the land and pledging support to Parnell's anti-outrage "line". The MPs proceeded to Dorrian's residence for dinner, the (public) invitation to dine having been issued because the bishop "strongly sympathises with their objects in visiting the North". Politically, Duddy never recovered. O



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PASSIONATE PARTICULARITY

A profile of Brendan Kennelly

BY TOMO'DEA

I HAVE NEVER HEARD ANYONE SAY an ugly word about Brendan Kennelly, and I can think of no reason why anyone should. If you are lucky, you may bump into him any old day under the columns of the Bank of Ireland, along by the railings of Trinity College, or in the tree-filtered half-light behind the proscenium arch of St Stephen's Green. Sometimes, you're in a hurry, or he's in a hurry, and the conversation may run for no more than a couple of minutes, but it is always a *conversation*, never a mere exchange of ill-fitting words.

Charles Lamb found that whenever he lent books to Coleridge, they came back "with usury, enriched with annotations, tripling their value." You get that feeling after the shortest conversation with Kennelly. He looms up out of the crowd, his white smile flashing like a sodium light, and then, after a few words have been exchanged, he continues his journey, carrying an invisible bucket of beestings for an imaginary calf at a gate - all in the middle of the jungle of Dublin.

And after he has gone away, you know that he has made little glosses in the margins of your psyche; that the direction and the quality of your day have been altered, that an addition has been made to the treasury of your knowledge; that you have been subtly enriched from the store of the mind of a seer - a man who, like Wordsworth entwined in the limbs of Nature, can "see into the life of things."

So, for a start, Kennelly is a seer. And if that were not burden enough, he also carries the cross of the poet. He remains sane, however, because he was once a Kerry footballer, and because he always carries about with him that invisible bucket of beestings for a lowing calf at a gate. His mind is plugged into a universal socket whose earth-wire is buried deep in a Ballylongford field. Through that green earth-wire are discharged the short circuits in the loop of his life.

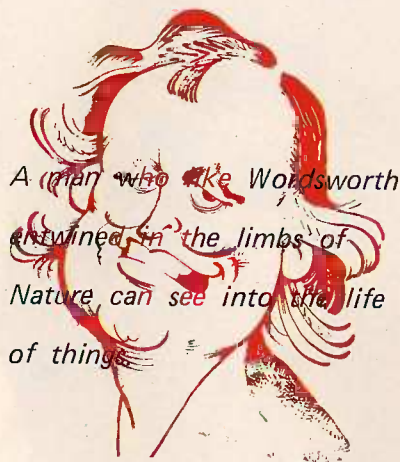
BRENDAN KENNELLY was born in Ballylongford in 1936. As a child, he spent a year with his aunt in Ballintrillick, near Cliffoey in Sligo, and to this day his fondness for Sligo is undiminished. In primary school, he was taught by Johnny Walsh - a man with six All-Ireland football medals - who encouraged his pupils to memorize poetry in Irish and English and took them to *feiseanna* where they dramatised the *Fiannaíocht*.

"Johnny Walsh introduced me to poetry as dialogue - one man talking to another," Kennelly says. "And I mention that because memory has gone out of education and has been replaced by what looks like sophisticated analysis, but is often the parrot learning by students of easily accessible notes by people with MAs. I much prefer to see my students learning things off and not understanding until life teaches them what the poet means. Memory is love to me, and I deplore the arid language of spineless analysis."

One of Kennelly's other teachers was

"almost helplessly brutal, and he taught me something, too: that fear should not be part of education if at all possible. Only this summer I was talking to a woman in Ballyunion, and she told me that a teacher in her school made a girl who had vomited out of nervousness eat her own vomit. That is an insight into the Ireland of the Forties, when people took on the job of teaching, not because they wanted to be teachers, but because it was a way of warding off poverty and hunger."

He remembers yet another national school teacher who, every Friday afternoon, told the kids stories about Irish mythology and history. "I think now," Kennelly says, "that history and mythology are interchangeable as a result. I love reading history, but history is only the way men see history. Carlyle's, Antonia Fraser's, Christopher Hill's and Hilaire Belloc's Cromwell are three different Cromwells. History, like everything else, is a question of feeling, but today you are not supposed to talk about feeling in terms of



criticism. But for me the basis of all reality is what you feel about things, and your mind gets to work on the turbulence of your feelings and produces something coherent out of them. If you don't have a gut reaction to poetry, you might as well be reading a stock exchange report."

Speaking of the primeval rapture of words, Kennelly says, "What we are all looking for is Adam's eyes, Adam's fingers, the first time he touched Eve. I don't think that is romantic. I think that is a simple demand that one has of a man or woman who handles language."

KENNELLY remembers his father as "a great, a great worker," but he never made much money in the pub he owned in Ballylongford. "He talked to us and told us stories about New York, where he had been. He came back and married in his early thirties, and I think there was an element, at once, of spawning a large family and relaxing into the laziness of an Irish village. There was eight of us, we fought a lot; the house itself was small and

riotous a lot of the time. We weren't poor, but you got the brother's liand-downs, and you wore shoes only from December to April."

Rockwell and the posher boarding schools were out of the question. A woman called Jane Agnes McKenna came to Tarbert and set up a secondary school, where the fee was £2 a term. It was a mixed school of about ninety students, which was unusual for those days, but the co-educational venture drew no fire from the bishop, because the patch on which Miss McKenna chose to function was too small to be dangerous or competitive. Miss McKenna's primary interest was in languages - Irish, English, French and Latin - and again it was all poetry with her. She also taught religious knowledge, which she dared not omit, and Kennelly recalls a six-foot fellow, practising a corner goal kick in the lunch break, pausing to ask, "What do you think of the Albigenian Heresy?"

On his Leaving Cert, Kennelly got a scholarship to Trinity College, a place in St Patrick's teacher training college and a clerkship in the ESB. He tried Trinity for a week, didn't like it, and went back to Ballylongford, where he worked in his father's pub for a year. The following year, he took the job offered by the ESB in Dublin, and worked for the company for three years, until the novelty of the freedom wore off, and then he went to England, where he worked on the buses and in a couple of factories. He travelled for a while in northern France, and then re-applied to Trinity for the scholarship; he was given half of it, so he went back to college at the age of twenty-one, where he took French and English. He wanted to read with the vague intention of becoming a teacher. The Professor of English asked him if he wanted to do research, which he did for four years after graduation. His doctorate was a study of Irish mythology and its influence on Irish writers from the early 19th century up to Austin Clarke. "I see Ireland as a strange ancient entity," he says, "that is constantly being looked at by moderns, and the ancient affects the modern as the modern can't escape the ancient. I tried to work that out historically in Cromwell later on."

In the course of his doctoral research Brendan Kennelly spent a year in Leeds University, under Norman Jeffares, a great Yeats scholar, and he developed a great affection for the north of England. He wrote a novel about the place - "a bad novel," he says, "written with great affection, if not skill". He returned to take up a lectureship in Trinity, where he has been teaching the past twenty-five years, with outings, varying from two weeks to a year in the USA, Poland, Sweden, Belgium and Japan. In 1971, he was given a personal chair and the title of Professor of Modern Literature.

AS A YOUNG fellow in Kerry, Brendan Kennelly played minor football for three years, he played senior in the League, but he broke his ankle at eighteen and lost interest in playing. "It is such a cultural reality in

Kerry," he says, "that you can't help playing, but in Dublin there are other interests." His team position was right half-back: "It gives great room for a butty fellow. As the fellow said to me in Listowel, one day, 'Poet or no poet, you have a fine kick!'"

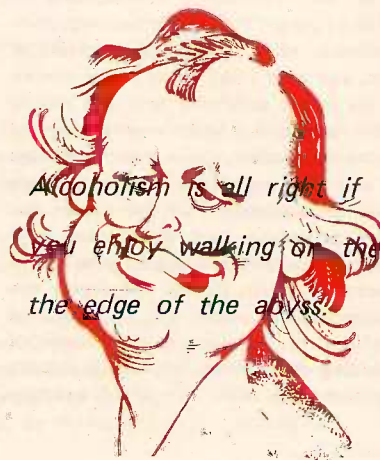
Growing up in a pub, he often closed down at three in the morning, and the conversation all night, every night, was football non-stop. Farms were let go to rack and ruin, husbands left home for days on end; football had the intensity of a religion, as well as the unconscious vitality of a genuine culture. The talk of old players is genuinely epic as they recall the old names and the great occasions. Through that, Kennelly says, "I grew to approach life in terms of the individual, and to this day I can't shake that off. I don't think abstractly, but in terms of the person, not the context. It may be a philosophical shortcoming, but I think it is a human advantage. So, football teaches you a love of passionate particularity. It also inculcated a desire to win, and this transferred into the academic life."

As for what people can the GAA mentality, he has some reservations. "I try to understand it. You have to remember that the GAA administration is founded in militant and vocal nationalism; perhaps even more than that in land troubles, in secret societies, in tribalism. The game itself is founded in faction fighting - a game that would start at the midday Angelus, and the ball would be kicked and carried and booted from one parish into the other, and this would last until six o'clock, when the second Angelus rang out. And the parish in which the ball rested when the first bell struck lost the match. From such parish warlike beginnings, with all the fierce intensity of parish feeling, the GAA has evolved. It is very narrow in certain respects, but it is also wonderfully intense and colourful. The GAA expresses basic cultural tensions in the Irish psyche - country versus city, accent versus accent, indeed one language versus another, the Pale versus the wild Irish. When people set out from Kerry or Mayo, they are setting out for a joust in alien territory, which has in it something of the nature of the crusade or the pilgrimage."

One of the advantages of leaving a culture as strong as Kerry and coming to a culture as distinct as Dublin is that you can appreciate both, Kennelly believes. "In terms of writing, as well, the same thing is true. There is one famous partition in Ireland, but there are several kinds of partition. In Dublin, there is north and south, Dublin Four versus the rest; the Dubs and the Culchies, Dublin versus the rest of Ireland. As Behan put it, 'Once you pass the Red Cow Inn, they tend to ate their young'."

And there is the oldest tension of all between the two languages. The other morning, I remembered a sentence, *Seacain na mna agus a t-ol agus ni baol duit go deo an ragairne*. There is no English for that. 'Revelry' does not involve the raggedy, deliberate disruption of self that is in 'ragairne'."

PEGGY O'BRIEN WAS A graduate student at VCD when Brendan Kennelly met her. They hit it off together; they married; it went OK for a while; then, it started to go wrong. "There are infinite complexities in marriage," Brendan says. "There is no blame, but if I were to apportion it, I'd say I carry more of it than she. The main difficulty about a rupture like that in your life is to labour to replace the constant, familiar warmth of home with whatever you can manage afterwards, and I had problems with that which finally brought me to a state of alcoholism. There were strong cultural differences between us and we didn't reconcile them. We are both pretty headstrong, stubborn. Initially, the separation was not for keeps, but it seems to have turned out that way. She was home a couple of months ago, and we rediscovered a warmth, a friendship, and I was very happy that it hadn't finished in bitterness. I'm fifty-two now and advancing in youth, and I look for friendship and its stability and intelligence. But, like



any man or woman, my heart is not closed to the possibilities of ... " The sentence dribbles to a stop between us, unfinished.

As for the cultural differences, he says, "Peggy was of a strong New England, Puritanical tradition - very self-reliant, independent, enormous moral courage, together with that American individualism that relies on the self and its talents. I came to the marriage with my fairly typical Irish male Catholic hangups. We gave it a good go for ten years, and it just didn't work. One learns from that kind of woman, and I owe her a great deal. I have learned a marvellous respect for women, and I have learned that a lot of Irish women do not develop their full potential as human beings, or else they channel their talent into supporting the man, which is what our culture encourages. I have learned also to take people as they come to you, because the thing about marriage and its confusion and painful bewilderment is that it teaches you to give straight answers,

"I have got rid of a fair amount of the

Kerry deviousness. I would admit things about myself that I still see fellows of my age, and even younger, trying to hide; in other words, I see the futility of most Irish forms of shame. Peggy O'Brien taught me that. At a very simple level, she made me try to understand America and Americans, and I must say that whenever I went to America I found enormous hospitality, together with parochialism on a continental scale. And I think also that America, because of its innocence and its cosmic parochialism, may be the one to destroy the world."

As my pen strove to keep up with his words, Brendan Kennelly quoted a poem he had written the previous night before he fell asleep,

*Two bucks will find a patch
Of No Man's Land to fight in.
Russian and Yankee bucks consider
London, Paris, Rome, Berlin.*

And then we talked about drink,

"I THINK without doubt that drink is one of the greatest things in life. What it does, or what I enjoyed it doing to me for twenty-five years, was pulling out of you that extra bit of celebration, fun, turning inhibitions into freedoms and making people around you be a little more stimulating and outrageous and funny, turning them into better storytellers, into creators of laughter, and all this contained in the atmosphere of the pub, without trouble, without damage. There are vicious and dismal times, but I'm talking about the good night in the pub, which is very hard to beat. I think the pub is vital to Irish life and is a genuine reflection of it. Sociologists might call it home from home, and in the tragic sense it replaces home, and that's where the trouble starts.

"The dark unnoticed change from the enjoyment I have described - to the hard-drinking joylessness of alcoholism is subtle and, for the most part, unperceived and unadmitted. Instead of the fun and the laughter and the gaiety, you have darkness and nightmares and sleeplessness, and pain. And perhaps worst of all you become a sick bore to yourself, I have no messianic or moralistic attitudes to it, but I think any man who gets sick in the way I am trying to describe should try to help himself."

In the beginning, Kennelly drank only in the evening, but it gradually took over his life, until finally it was a question of either stopping or dying. A doctor gave him a year. "But to the alcoholic," he says, "that doesn't matter a fiddler's fart, because you can drink a lot in a year. Alcoholism is in its own way brilliant and devious and self-justifying and extremely creative in its determination to satisfy its own appetite. It is really imaginative and, of course, it is intensely selfish."

Was it difficult to stop? "Yes, it was very difficult, but I was extremely lucky to find a great doctor - Dr John Cooney of St Patrick's - as well as Dr Sinead O'Brien. Some old footballers helped me, like Tony Hanohoe, as well as colleagues. The most important thing is: don't be ashamed. And I would say

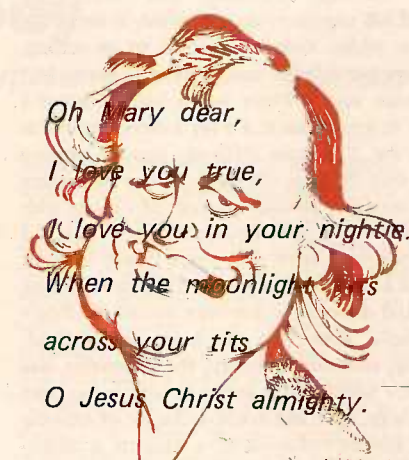
to employers that a lot of alcoholics are gifted and sensitive people, and it is in the interest of employers to recognize and to help. The problem of recognition and admission is crucial, because one of the hallmarks of the condition is self-deception. Alcoholism is all right if you enjoy walking on the edge of the abyss. Even yet, I don't feel safe, because strolling through Dublin is strolling through a minefield. I love pubs, I go into them; I'm not going to castrate my life, but I can't drink."

LIKE any man with a titter of wit, Brendan Kennelly likes women, and he did so from the start. "First of all, I had a great mother," he says, "I was educated by a very powerful woman in secondary school, and I have two sisters that I greatly admire. But apart from that, at the risk of being called a male chauvinist pig, I had to insist that women have vital differences in them, which any intelligent man needs. I saw a girl commit suicide, once, and saw her body being brought up from the river, and some thirty years later I thought of her and wrote a lot of poems to her, and it has turned into a song cycle - it was sung by Bernadette Greevy. I don't know why I had to go back thirty years to think about this drowned girl. All I knew was that she had been a victim of men and of society and this was her only way out, her protest. There are a lot of things I value in women, and when I see a woman being victimized, I almost see it as a crime against the imagination, against qualities that men don't have. It is significant that some of the best Irish writers have tried to express their vision of life through women. Joyce finishes 'Ulysses' with Molly Bloom. Yeats finishes his love poetry with Crazy Jane, Kavanagh says, 'My God is feminine.' Austin Clarke's late poetry is a celebration of femininity, in men and in women. Brian Moore's 'Loneliness of Judith Hearne' and other novels are asking, Can a man imagine a woman? What it means is that you have to stretch your blunt-mindedness to the point of accommodating a subtle, sensual difference, so that women actually enrich and enlarge a man's potential, and to that extent, if you like, my interest is selfish, but it is also genuine in that I appreciate the qualities of intelligent sympathy and instinctive penetration and knowledge that they have - the way they can know you without saying a word."

Women have a lot of knowledge that doesn't need verbalizing, Kennelly believes. "I don't want to romanticize, and I don't want to use a word like Muse or anything like that, but there is a real sense in which they add to a man emotionally and spiritually. And there are also, in my view, potentially much more terrible and lethal, if and when they decide to act."

On October 5, Brendan Kennelly's version of *Megea* has its premiere at the RDS. "And that is what this play is about," he says, "the lethality of a woman, when she is finally insulted into action."

Women are going to play an increasingly



important part in Irish life, he feels, a stronger, more decisive, more clear-eyed part. "One of the criticisms I would make of myself as a younger man is a certain vagueness or wooliness when it came to moments of decision, and what I like about young women that I see in the university here and around Dublin - and in the country as well - is a clarity of conviction about what they are doing, and knowing precisely why they are doing it. It was typical of the Fifties and Sixties that women took degrees and sank into marriage; some brilliant girls seem just to have been forgotten, so that the degree was something in the nature of a pre-marital accomplishment, one of the decorations of the wedding day, almost, but now it is more or less a stage in their life, and I welcome that."

IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO talk about religion with a man of such luminous intelligence and perception and understanding as Kennelly and fail to listen to his thoughts on religion.

"Catholicism is very much a poet's religion," he believes. "It is irrational, mystical, unjustifiable in many respects, colourful, mysterious, and it is at its best among people who are not yet totally given over to money. It is not a middle-class religion, in my view."

"I suppose I have to make a distinction between the form of Catholicism that we have here in Ireland, though I am not happy about that distinction myself, because Irish Catholicism is Irish Catholicism, and that's that, with all its warts and superstitions and inhibitions and tyrannies. At the same time, the more I see of it, the more I appreciate how people have a need for a support in their lives. Some are supported by drink, others by money, others by work, and others in a very genuine way by religion. The fact that a lot of Irish Catholicism is rather mindless and regular and habitual - the result of habit rather than intention - emphasizes the

fact that it is deep in the people's bones.

"Looked at from another point of view, you can see how a northern Protestant would be terrified by this unquestioning, habitual, mindless quality of Irish Catholicism, though northern Protestantism has its own tyrannies."

Is he now a Catholic? "Yes, I never was not. I would quarrel and I would criticize it, but why should I give up a wonderful mythology that is in all my bones and provides me with intellectual and emotional stimulation? I like its mythology. I think much of it is perverted, and in this long poem, 'Judas', that I have just finished, I have tried to show ways in which it is not Christianity, that we practise but the religion that I call Judasanity. The whole poem is about the contemporary nature of the real; that is Christianity is real, Behan should be at the Last Supper, and Church of Ireland bishops gaitering at the Crucifixion. It is a sequence of thirty poems about money."

I queried him an old verse out of the verbal lumber in my head.

O Mary dear, I love you true;

I love you in your nightie;

When the moonlight hits [lit] across your tits,

O Jesus Christ Almighty!

Having marvelled at the power of the final line, he said, "You can't beat Jesus Christ." He went on to recall something once said to him by Conor Cruise O'Brien: "Brendan, when you die, you'll die roaring for the latest form of the sacrament of Extreme Unction." O'Brien, he feels, was right. "Even if I were outside the Church, I wouldn't have that courage, and I don't want to have it. It is not a question of rejection, but of trying to understand the shit that is in me and in my people, and to see what is valuable about this thing that has lasted for 2,000 years. I know most of life is shit, and I wade through it as well as I can, including my own shit, but I have grown to respect people's tattered old dignity more than anything else. One of the things about working in Trinity is that you accept yourself for what you are. I'm not a middle-class Catholic. I'm a countryman. I was reared in a peasant religion. I couldn't justify it intellectually, nor would I be interested in doing so, but it sufficed for people that I love and admire. It is not rational; it is connected with my love of people."

IF KENNELLY were a practising politician, he would be a republican socialist. "If there is such a party," he goes on. "All the Irish parties have elements of that, but there is no party that fully reflects what should have followed from 1922 - a workers' country, a peasant people who found themselves living in a republic." When challenged as to whether we have a republic in the fullest sense, he says that some of the great changes in Irish history were made possible by a series of dreamers, who were also good men of action - Emmet, Parnell, Pearse - but admits that he has not thought deeply about the kind of republic we have. He regrets that the 1980s are no more than the 1950s with painted gable-ends. "The colossal tragedy of emigration is not much

noticed, because it is constant and casual.' 3

Four years ago, his own parish had three or four very good football teams, this year, they are finding it hard to field a team. "That's the test," he says, "and I come back always to that, because that's where the fabric of Irish society begins to fall apart - at the town, village, parish level. Unfortunately, that is not always recognized in Dublin."

Kennelly is angry with those who take a simplistic and unquestioning view of the thing called progress. "I despise the simpletons who see growth as linear development. The efficiency of progress is often accompanied by poison and a diminished interest in other ways of life. There is only one true kind of progress; that is progress in consciousness. The progress of the economist and the politician is Janus-faced, ambiguous. Dublin has progress, but it also has pollution, and they are the two sides of the same coin."

WHEN HE came to make his personal version of Medea, Kennelly detached the drama from place; the location could be anywhere, he says, but adds, "The language is my own. It is my perception of women - of a woman who takes revenge on a man out of rage, murders her two children and leaves him with the consciousness of his loss. It is an attempt to realize in one lethal way that potential in women they rarely develop. It is an extreme play, full of passionate emotions - depicting

an act of sexual confrontation in which the woman annihilates the man in a clear-minded, determined way."

The play is directed by Ray Yeates of the Abbey. The music, arranged by Noel Eccles, will be performed live at each performance. The part of Medea is played by Susan Curnow, a woman with a great face that looks equal to the part.

WORDSWORTH defined poetry as emotion recollected in tranquillity. By invitation, Kennelly attempts a definition off the cuff.

"For me," he says, "it is a way of living and dreaming and experiencing myself and others, and of trying to find words for the fleeting glimpses of insight that I sometimes have. It is a challenge to everything I believe in, a way of demonstrating old values and creating new ones, a way of celebrating my dead and trying to define my friends and enemies and lovers and haters among the living. It is a high- pitched act of social criticism, the silence of a private dream, a map of my losses, a statement of my hopes. It is a verbal admission of my deepest ignorance. It is prayer and pornography, joke and obscenity, laughter and longing and pain. It is a stab of memory, sometimes an attempt at prophecy, something I remember from childhood, something I will carry with me to my grave. It is my most highly developed style of failing in life. I cannot yet

accuse myself of a great poem, or perhaps even a good one, but 'Cromwell' isn't far off the mark, and I believe that 'Judas' is closer, I'm probably all wrong."

IT IS impossible to be in Kennelly's presence without feeling that he is a pilgrim, but not a long-faced one like Christian going through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; he is far too earthy and Rabelaisian for that. When he talks about religion - even when he subjects it to mild criticism - he does it with a smile, and he stirs up a quattrain from Chesterton in the back of your head.

*The men of the East may spell the stars
And times and triumphs mark,
But the men signed of the cross of Christ
Came gaily in the dark.*

As Brendan Kennelly walked me out of the grounds of Trinity College, past the smooth and mysterious Everywoman of Henry Moore, we passed through a security door where there was an unlooked-for validation - of the man with the invisible bumper of beatings on his way to the calf at the gate. As we went through the door, the security man in navy blue iron suit said, "Come straight home now, Brendan." In conveying his solicitude, the security man was careful not to insult Brendan by calling him Professor Kennelly. O

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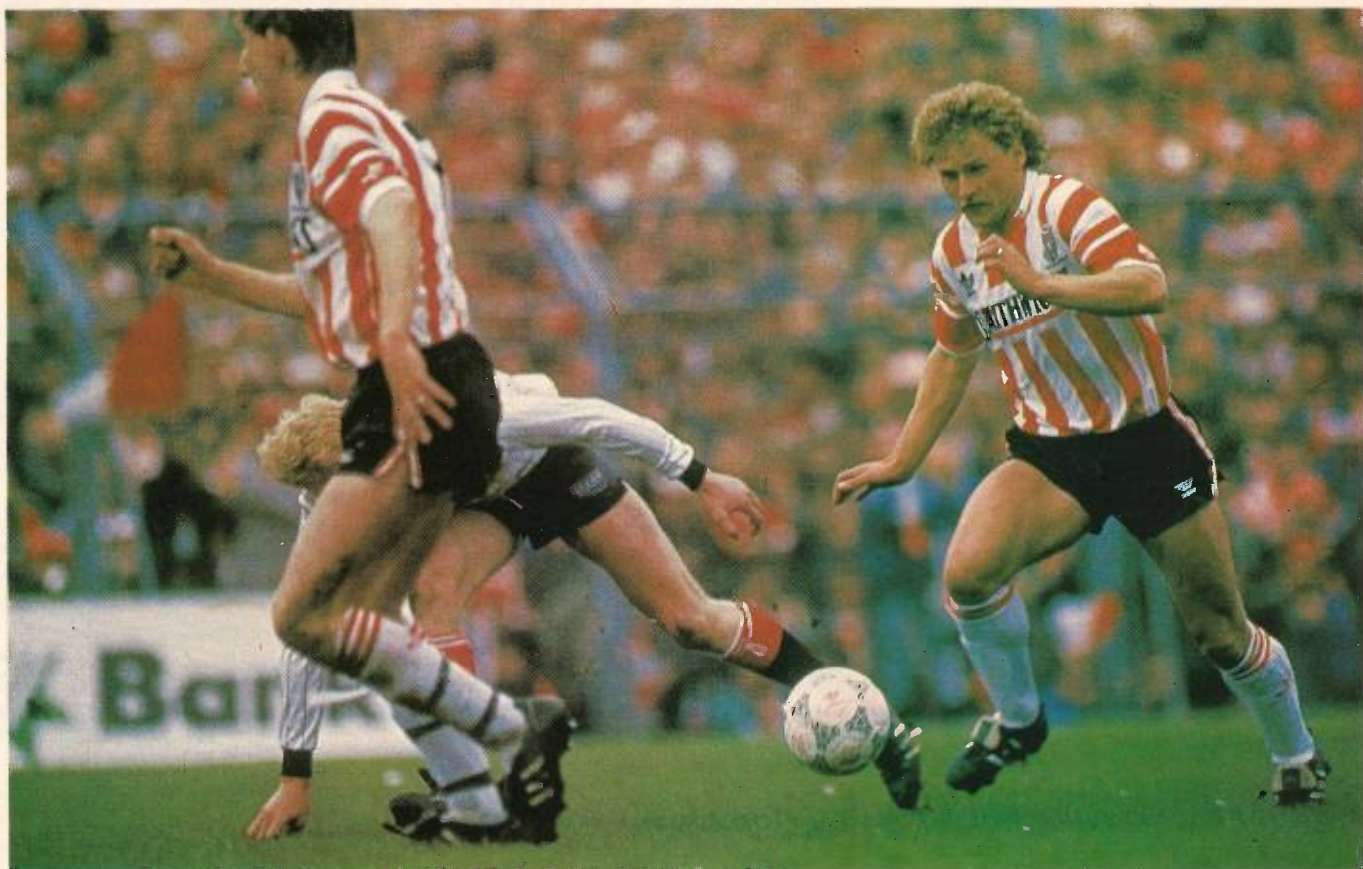
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WATCHING THE DEATH OF SOCCER

BY ROBERT ALLEN

THERE WERE MANY MORE interesting games elsewhere, yet the topical interest, albeit, of novelty value, was at Dalymount Park, Dublin - the home of Bohemians - where Shamrock Rovers were playing their first competitive game of the new season. Their opponents, Longford Town, sportingly clapped the new-look Rovers as they were led onto the pitch by player-manager Noel King. It was a nice gesture. For the few hundred who came along to watch the club who, under Jim McLaughlin and Dermot Keely, systematically produced the most successful teams of the decade, it was probably the most exciting moment of the entire afternoon. Watching the once great Shamrock Rovers struggle against a very poor and only slightly spirited Longford team was like witnessing the death of the Titanic, which took over two agonising hours to sink into the depths of the north Atlantic.

It will probably take the whole of the

1988/89 season before the homeless Rovers discover that the goodwill of their loyal supporters and the benevolence of the patrons who saved them from oblivion, is not enough. Without a ground and without substantial support Rovers will be doomed, but they are not alone.

IT IS THE BELIEF OF MANY: FORMER players, managers, supporters, commentators and several no longer involved in soccer, that the game is dead, or almost dead. "It just needs to be shot," said one former manager. "There is nobody watching it."

The attendance at that Rovers-Longford game was good for an early season cup competition, which has always been viewed by managers, supporters and administrators alike as the appetiser for the real season - the league championship.

Yet, despite the freshness in the players' legs and the warm autumn sunshine, there was nothing colourful or eventful and imaginative about the game. It was played at a sluggish pace, there was little or no pattern in either team's play and there was nothing that could be described as entertainment, with the possible exception of Rovers' Mick Byrne, who flicked and jiggled his way around the pitch.

Even he, in some analysis on the game, came in for criticism. "Why does he need to play so deep?" a colleague remarked, noting that Byrne was back foraging in midfield when he should have been up front leading the line. The point he was making was that strikers are no longer the focus of the game, no longer the specialists or entertainers. The game is being run by midfielders, who play square or backpasses to each other, and by defenders, who thump the ball up to non-existent strikers.

The enduring and persistent complaint is that the standards which once made soccer one of the most exciting and vital sports of the century have dropped, and not just in Ireland, but all over Europe and arguably beyond in America, Africa and Asia. Supporters no longer talk of great players, they talk of great athletes, although many of these athletes lack the basic skills of the game.

At home it is easy to see why standards have plunged. More people are playing soccer and consequently there are more clubs. Throughout Ireland, in every city, town and village people of all ages are playing soccer and they, more often than not, are playing it on Sundays while league of Ireland games are being played. So the very people who might be expected to support the senior league in Ireland do not do so, for the simple reason that they are more interested in playing and running their own clubs.

This in turn has led, somewhat indirectly, to a gradual lowering of standards and the obvious example of this is the recent history of Derry City. When politics forced Derry out of the Irish league in 1972 it left almost the entire county of Derry and neighbouring Donegal without a senior soccer club. With the exception of several good junior clubs a high standard of soccer was denied to the football crazy youngsters of the north-west. There was nothing for these kids to attain, the highest standard was the immediate junior leagues and these quickly showed, when Derry re-emerged as a League of Ireland club, that the talent, to play at the highest standard in Ireland, wasn't there. First Johnny Crossan and then Noel King and Jim McLaughlin realised that they would have to build Derry with players, mostly from outside the immediate area.

Another example that illustrates how few good players there are in senior Irish soccer focuses again on Derry and shows the sorry plight of Shamrock Rovers. When Rovers were forced, following the protracted negotiations between the Kilcoynes and the new owners during the summer, to abandon most of the players who had taken them to a League and Cup double in 1986, Derry waved their chequebook and nearly everyone went north.

When Noel King took control of Rovers, under the new management of John McNamara, Joe Caldwell and Joe Veselsky, he humorously remarked that three players weren't enough to challenge the likes of Dundalk, Derry and Par's for the title. What King swiftly discovered was that quality players to replace those he had lost did not exist. There was no cream left in the League of Ireland carton. The fact that he has successfully put a team together and not disgraced the grand name of Shamrock Rovers is a testament to his own ability and experience and his knowledge of the best players around. But without money the better players are difficult to sign. If Derry win the League the wags will no doubt say that they bought it.

IF DERRY CITY DO WIN THE LEAGUE of Ireland championship - and there are already many portents to indicate that they will do so, notably the recent 4-2 and 1-0 victories over St Pat's - it will prove to many of the game's critics that there is only so much talent in senior Irish soccer.

The most obvious reason for this is not just the fact that standards are lower and that there are fewer and fewer talented players but that while there are more people playing soccer than ever before they are not as dedicated and therefore are not acquiring the basic skills as easily as the generations that preceded them.

Soccer, while developing into a participation rather than a spectator sport, has become a victim of changing social patterns. Kids no longer play street soccer because there are too many cars on the road and, more pertinently, because of the distractions of other sports with better facilities, more exciting extra-curricular activities and, not least, television.

When the kids who do take the game seriously develop and mature into teenage teams, they quickly discover that most clubs



do not have adequate training facilities during the winter. You can see clubs during the winter months, junior and senior teams, training in the most bizarre places, in supermarket car parks and on patches of grassy ground lit by motorway lights.

Junior clubs are not alone in this. Nearly all of the Premier and First Division clubs in the League of Ireland are training in abysmal conditions. Dublin club, St Patrick's Athletic, train on stony ground across the road from their Richmond Park pitch.

This means that the clubs may only take their players on physical workouts and are unable, for a number of reasons, to concentrate on the basic skills, on particular set-pieces and on simple coaching methods. Instead these are reserved for a few hours on Saturday mornings, barely a day before an important game. This isn't really enough, say many critics, to develop the skills which are patently lacking from the game.

The League of Ireland does throw up the odd thriller, where the players excel themselves and display the kind of skills which bring back the supporters. Last season St Pat's and Dundalk fought out a dramatic game at

Richmond Park which benefited both clubs in terms of renewed interest by fans.

Last month Bohemians and Shamrock Rovers provided an excellent Friday evening's entertainment, rewarded the unusually large crowd which had turned up for what was, since both clubs share the same ground, a unique local derby.

Remarkably though, the very club which has brought the fans back to Irish soccer, Derry City, are discovering that there are only so many loyal supporters and their crowds are slowly dwindling. There is still a large and vociferous support in Derry for the club but it is far from being an automatic following.

LEAAGUE OF IRELAND SOCCER, as a spectator sport, is now attracting a nebulous, casual type of support, which is why Friday evening games are a success. These games, however, are only solving part of the problem. Boh's and Rovers will not always provide the kind of entertainment they managed last month.

Pat's manager Brian Kerr, who came so close to winning the double for the Inchicore club last season, does not believe his present team is good enough to challenge for the title this season. Kerr freely admits that the loss of striker Paddy Dillon - who emigrated - was a blow and that he doesn't have the financial backing to buy a quality replacement.

With the notable exception of Derry manager Jim McLaughlin all of the premier league managers have the same complaint - a dearth of quality players. When such players do become available it is the richer clubs who snap them up, whether they need them to fill a gap or not: it is an important tactic to simply buy a talented player primarily to stop another club getting him.

There are, of course, ways around the fundamental problem, the lack of quality players poses, like nurturing younger players, as Kerr and his bootroom team did last season, when they brought on the likes of defender Curtis Fleming, midfielder Paul Byrne and striker Pat Fenlon. This season that approach has already been adopted by Shelbourne player-manager and former Shamrock Rovers midfielder, Pat Byrne, who has taken a relatively young team into the league of Ireland jungle. With a middle of the table position to show from his efforts so far, Byrne is relatively happy with his team's progress.

The doubts remain, however, that the game is almost dead, that we are watching the death of soccer as an entertainment in this country. The recently acclaimed League of Ireland Commission, which seeks to revamp the game by 1992 and solve the more fundamental problems, is seen by many critics as nothing more than a sop, a gesture. The game still needs a radical change that will improve the standard of play and bring the crowds back and into stadiums that are designed for comfort. The days of standing on the terraces in the wind and rain are gone.

THE BURNING QUESTION IN LIMERICK

TONY STAPLETON OF BASIC SHANNON Combustion in Limerick says that there are three subjects which every county council in the country hates discussing. These are:

1. Travellers (or tinkers) - Where will we site them without putting votes at risk,
2. Graveyards - Where will we site them without putting votes at risk,
3. Landfill!!! (8 sanitised euphemisms for

rubbish tip) - Where will we site them without putting votes at risk.

Tony has some constructive suggestions to offer regarding the first and second problems, but feels that because he is not professionally qualified in either area his ideas would be paid little heed to. The third, however, is his area of specialization.

Martin Reddington and Tony Stapleton are Managing and Marketing Directors respectively of Basic Shannon Combustion Ltd in Limerick. This is, perhaps, a somewhat unflattering name for a company which manufactures, according to Tony, the most efficient and environmentally pro-

ductive commercial incinerators in the world.

The Limerick plant makes these incinerators to a standard which is fifty per cent higher than the most rigorous demands of the US Environmental Protection Agency.

They use the EPA as a standard because there are no such standards in Ireland governing emission. The most recent UK standards are fifteen years old (look what happened the computer industry in fifteen years said Tony) and the EC have yet to officially impose their emission control guidelines.

In a nutshell BSC's product is guaranteed fifty per cent better than the notoriously strict US environment requires. Here's the rub, however. In a factory located in a Shannon Development estate, and having received grants from the IDA under the Technology Transfer qualification, no local authority in Ireland has the knowledge or experience to see the wisdom in investing in one of these machines.

The economics, says Tony, are as follows. It would cost about £80m. to install these machines throughout most of Ireland. Of this £80m, seventy-five per cent would be grant aided by the EC resulting in a net cost of £20m. These incinerators can be adapted to generate electricity quite easily, just as coal-burning power stations do, but unlike coal burners expel no smoke or dust particles, reducing air pollution and carbon monoxide fumes to a fraction of those released by conventional means of solid fuel power generators. As a result over £20m would be saved on fuel costs, an ongoing environmental pollution problem would be largely dispensed with, and the balance of payments deficit would be better off by £20m or more.

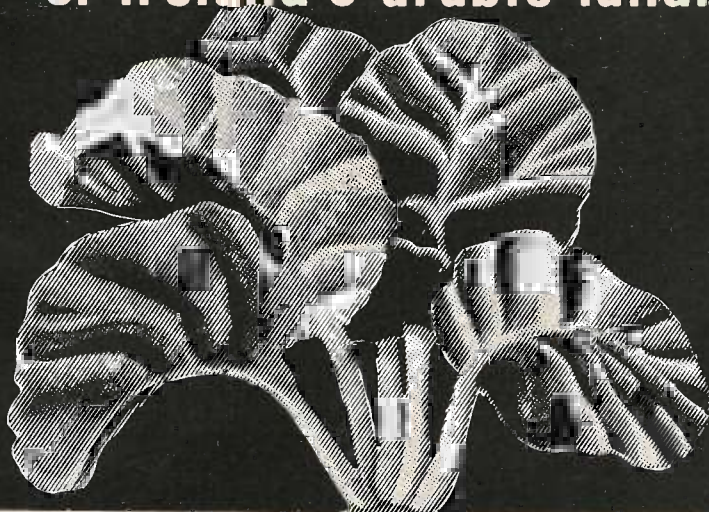
During the past twenty years Basic Shannon Combustion and their US sister company, Basic Environmental Engineering, have built and assembled over 100 of these plants varying in size from 1,000 square feet to 10,000 square feet all over the US. One is in operation in snowbound Alaska where waste of all kinds must be disposed of in a way which won't damage the delicate ecological balance. BSC also exported in pieces and re-assembled a smaller unit on an upper floor of a university building in Minnesota where waste is converted to electricity and steam heating for the local community's needs. All of these are still as good as new and working perfectly.

It seems incongruous that Irish local authorities see fit to dump their refuse in pits which eventually generate methane gas and spontaneous fires. Such pits are unsightly, offensive and dangerous, yet seem preferable to the efficient disposal of waste by state-of-the-industry means. The boys at Basic Shannon expect that the Irish decision-makers will eventually see the light and not wait until circumstances force a decision.

There are 557 of these incinerator types in Europe. France has more than ninety and even the UK has forty-seven. Ireland, significantly, has more, and to the best of TOIW Stapleton's knowledge there are no plans to install any. This attitude, says Tony, speaks for itself.

Siúicre Éireann

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Ray Naughton (Nixdorf) with Pat McDowell and Brendan Whelan (Bank of Ireland)

COMPUTERISED MONEY

BANK OF IRELAND HAS CHOSEN Nixdorf Computer as the supplier to replace its existing outdoor PASS machines. The full network of 120 machines, the largest in the country, will be replaced over a six-year period at a cost of £4 million. Ireland's first PASS machine was installed in 1979 and the national network was built up rapidly in the following years.

Installation of the new machines will commence in mid 1989. In a parallel move systems are being developed by the four clearing banks to enable full sharing of their ATM's by each others customers. This will greatly increase the choice of machine locations for all bank customers. The key features of the new Nixdorf machines will be a much speedier cash payout and a full-colour screen with greatly enhanced readability. The Nixdorf CSE product concept was developed with information provided by bankers and bank customers.

Today, Nixdorf has a worldwide installed base of more than 100,000 banking terminals, 20,000 CPU's and 10,000 self-service machines. More than half the fifty largest European financial institutions are Nixdorf users.

Nixdorf Computer has made a significant commitment to Ireland with four separate companies operating in the areas of Manufacturing, Research and Development, Public Technology Training and Marketing. More than 600 Irish people are employed by Nixdorf in Ireland. Nixdorf is now one of the top twenty Irish exporters.

WELL ENDOWED

TRADITIONAL ENDOWMENT POLICIES have played a major part in a thirty-seven per cent increase in new business reported by Canada Life Assurance Company in Ireland for the first half of this year.

New business written amounted to £3 million in annualised premiums, with over £100 million in terms of sums assured. Canada Life have been steadily uplifting

terminal bonuses on with profit policies and the gross return generated by a £100 per annum premium on a twenty-five-year endowment policy has increased by over seventy per cent at maturity between 1983 and mid-1988.

The company has also successfully launched this year a new unit-linked savings package, called Managed Money Maker, which it claims to be the most advanced money accumulator of its kind in Ireland. Tailored to meet savers' changing needs over a lifetime, it can include provision for sufficient life cover to qualify for premium tax relief but also allows a wide range of choices regarding how much to save, how much to invest and for how long. One advantage it offers is that it can be effectively structured without the provision of costly life cover simply to achieve tax relief for which the applicant is perhaps not eligible.

Canada Life opened its first office in Ireland eighty-five years ago. It now has a network of fourteen branches and over 300 employees serving more than 60,000 policyholders. Its investment in the Irish economy exceeds £470 million and the company paid out over £25 million to policyholders in Ireland during 1987.

ROCK AROUND THE BLOCK

DUBLIN'S NEWEST ENTERTAINMENT centre the famous Tivoli Theatre in Francis Street shall soon be host to Ireland's biggest battle of the bands. The opening day is Sunday, October 6th and the first show is at 3pm, the second at 8pm.

The event shall be known as "Rock Around the Block" and bands from around the country, now have a venue where they can appear in front of a live audience, where producers, promoters and agents may at any time be present. Musicians are now invited to send in their demo tapes.

The basic idea is a central location where people can come and have excellent musical entertainment at reasonable rates. There is also a safe enclosed car park for over 200 cars.

For further information phone John J. May at 784888/784151.

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Four out of five people criticise government "homeless" policy



The Government are abandoning the homeless to the care of voluntary organisations, according to a survey commissioned by the Simon community. Four out of five people asked criticised Government policy, which appears to ignore short-term solutions: only seven per cent of all night-shelters in Ireland are provided by the state.

The survey revealed a widespread sympathetic attitude to the estimated 3,000 to 5,000 homeless people in this country. That doesn't include another 14,000 itinerants. The same public weren't quite so sympathetic towards the itinerants. More than one in three didn't believe they should be resettled in local authority housing. When this figure is broken down it emerges that the majority of those who hold this view are blue collar workers living in local authority estates.

While the issue of resettlement is disputed, governmental inaction on homelessness is highlighted not only by the lack of state hostels providing temporary night accommodation but more fundamentally by the dramatic drop in the number of local authority houses being built. In 1980 there were 5,984 houses built; the number peaked to 7,002 in 1984. The estimated total for 1988 is a mere 1600.

There are 19,000 approved applicants on waiting lists all round the country. Of these only 131 are listed as homeless. That leaves a few thousand more that haven't even reached the approval stage. According to Senator Brendan Ryan we are heading towards a "housing crisis" in the 1990s.

Why interference by politicians is the last thing the Department of Foreign Affairs wants

The refusal by the Minister of State at the Department of Foreign Affairs, Sean Calleary to agree to a joint Oireachtas committee on foreign policy, on the spurious grounds that national security might be endangered is further indication of the lengths to which that department will go to protect its own interests, and to cover its own tracks.

Interference by elected politicians is the last thing the mandarins of Iveagh House would want, believing as they do that they are the only ones capable of understanding world affairs. And of course they are busy achieving a consensus with our EC partners on foreign policy matters, a consensus that usually means as little action as possible on any particular issue so as not to upset the interests of one or another western power. Inactivity on South Africa is a good example, even though government policy is to support an economic boycott of the apartheid state, despite Mrs Thatcher's reluctance to go along with such a move. By following this doubtful consensus the Irish government has tacitly endorsed, apartheid. By their refusal to condemn the horrific actions of Israel in occupied Palestine, and of the US against the small nation of Central America as well as their bombing of Libya and many other international injustices Ireland is increasingly identified with the western super powers.

The Cubans who have long sought diplomatic and trade relations with Ireland as they have with many other, including EC, countries are another victim of Ireland's subservient foreign policy although Mr Lenihan had discussions with the Cuban Foreign Minister at the UN in September. Whenever statements are extracted from the Department of Foreign Affairs they tend to be as evasive and bland as possible.

As pointed out in the article in the last issue of *Magill* about Brian Keenan the Department have actively discouraged any independent actions by politicians in the matter and are unhappy about the planned trip by Niall Andrews, MEP, to Iran, even though the Iranian ambassador has said that a government approved delegation would be useful. Since the signing of the Anglo-Irish Agreement, in the drafting of which the Department had a major role, there has been continuing close contact with the British Foreign Office and this relationship may be a factor in the caution exercised in foreign policy matters.



Benefitting from the MARTIN CAHILL experience

THE SPECIAL BRANCH SEEMS TO HAVE the rather peculiar idea that *Magill* can't say anything good about them. Well *Wzgmre* is about to prove these doubting Thomas's wrong. We believe in credit where credit is due and an employee of this publication certainly had reason to give thanks to this admittedly sometimes maligned sector of the Gardai recently.

His dreams were interrupted at 4.30 one morning by two members of the Special Branch. They had, they told him, caught the thief who had just robbed his house. "Nonsense", he replied, "you must be making a mistake. My house hasn't been robbed".

As the old saying goes, ignorance is bliss. Not only had a video, clothes, money, keys and other durables been taken but the raider had also helped himself to an early morning snack while the unsuspecting owner slept. A passion for food was this long sought after sneak thief's hallmark. Budweiser, smoked salmon, biscuits and milk downed, he was wearing six stolen coats when he walked into our two detectives. Caught redhanded, he gave himself up.

The arrest was the result of many nights of vigil by the detectives. They had been trying to catch this guy for a long time. That night they had followed him in the aftermath of another break-in at Deansgrange. Then another at Baker's Comer. The thief was on his way home after some highly profitable work when he decided to add a house in Dun Laoghaire to his list. Pre-empting his route home with some admirable guesswork of a possible further break-in the detectives picked the spot and lay in wait.

Happily the thief obliged. They watched as he made his last unwelcome entry and exit for some time to come. Obviously these members of the Special branch had picked up some useful pointers from their previous trail of Martin Cahill.

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Codorniu - the Cava Supreme

Apart from the grape varieties and the size of the area where those varieties can be grown, there is not a vast difference between the Spanish Cava wines and champagne, according to the authoritative international wine magazine *Decanter*.

Champagne is made from Chardonnay, Pinot Noir and Pinot Meunier grapes in an area that is delimited under the appellation laws, and within that area there is not much room for expansion.

Cava wines made by the méthode champenoise are primarily Macabeo, Parellada (the main variety), Xarello, Malvasia de la Vid, and Chardonnay, recently sanctioned by the authorities, and now being used in premium Cavas, though there is still not a great deal of it available.

The Cava Consejo Regulador delimitates the areas of production to grapes coming from certain of the Catalan provinces.

Codorniu is where it all began. Don Jose Raventos, while travelling abroad selling the wines his family has been making since the 16th Century, came to the Champagne region where he became interested in how its wines were made, studied the process, and returned to Catalonia determined to apply it to his family's wines. That he did, and in 1872, released the first Codorniu sparkler. The wine was an instant success in Spain.

Although other companies have followed Codorniu's success, Codorniu is today the world's largest producer of sparkling wines - thanks to the dedication to quality that has been its governing philosophy.

The Codorniu family established their first winery in Sant Sadurn d'Anoia, in the beautiful Penedes Region of Catalonia, in 1551, and were producing wines before Columbus discovered America. In 1659, the heiress to the Codorniu



winery married a member of the Raventos family.

It was Jose Raventos, a direct descendant, who uncorked that first bottle of sparkling wine made by the méthode champenoise process in Spain. Last year, the Codorniu group sold 48 million bottles of its Cava in 60 countries.

The Codorniu estate is in an area that has produced quality wines for over 2,000 years. The famous mountain of Montserrat towers over the countryside protecting the vineyards from the cold winds of the north. At the same time the vineyards of Penedes roll gently to the warm Mediterranean Sea near the beautiful city of Barcelona. This magnificent combination of sea, mountains and air create an excellent micro-climate for the optimum maturation of the grapes that produce Codorniu sparkling wine.

Codorniu uses the same méthode champenoise process today as it did in 1872, but also has the advantage of new technology to improve the quality of the wine. In fact, Codorniu is a fine example

of a company that can successfully combine modernity with great tradition. Although it employs computerisation in its filtration plant, for example, its principal buildings, including its 19th Century cellars in the town designed by architect Puig Cadafalch, have been declared National Monuments and attract 200,000 visitors a year.

The key element in the méthode champenoise is the natural fermentation of the wine in the same bottle that the consumer will buy. A major contributing factor to the success of Codorniu is the combination of the grapes used: Macabeo, which produces the distinctive taste of Cava wines; Parellada, which gives lightness, elegance and smoothness; Xarello, which adds strength and flavour, and Chardonnay, which gives the wine its incomparable aroma and freshness.

Codorniu recently joined the portfolio of distinguished producers represented here by leading wines and spirits merchants Grants of Ireland (Sales) Ltd.

Grants has chosen to list the Premiere Cuvee Brut 1986, which comes in attractive new gold packaging. It is a superior quality vintage wine and is the first blend bottled after the vintage, which makes it very fresh in style.

Grants plan to make Codorniu the No. 1 sparkling wine in Ireland.

"Codorniu takes a remarkably stringent approach to the selection and blending of the grape varieties used," explains Grants' Managing Director Des Drumm, "We have been convinced for a long time that we could help to bring the pleasures of Codorniu to a wider public."

Says the *Decanter* writer: "When a glass of sparkling wine would be most enjoyable, but the bank balance says no to champagne, Cava is the ideal alternative."

W G M O R E

Why the NUJ didn't support Jenny McGeever

TBE RECENT OUT-OF-COURT SETTLEMENT between RTE and Jenny McGeever (rumoured to be .00,000) W3s probably the most practical way out of a delicate and stressful situation for both parties, but it was hardly satisfactory. Many pertinent questions remained unanswered.

However, the NUJ Broadcasting Branch at the station came out of the affair with least credit. The selective way in which they offered support to the three people at the centre of the crisis was unacceptable to many.

They stood by Barbara Fitzgerald and David Davin Power unequivocally, until both were reinstated following a brief suspension. However no such loyalty was shown to Jenny McGeever. She was received with hostility at NUJ broadcasting branch meetings and there was a tepid reaction to her suspension. After her dismissal the branch merely called for her reinstatement, and left it at that.

They refused to go along with union policy that in such circumstances, where it is felt a colleague is improperly fired, strike action should be taken, unless a resolution is found to the problem. Then court proceedings were initiated and all discussion was put on ice.

Outside of RTE every NUJ branch in Dublin came out strongly in support of Jenny McGeever, as did the Union's Irish Council. Of course this maverick performance by the broadcasting branch was not unusual. Within the NUJ it has a reputation for going its own way. As a consequence its popularity rating with other branches is not very high. As trade unionists they failed Jenny McGeever.



Derek Speirs/Report

How the late Ned Brennan got into the news

By its very nature the political animal loves a bit of good publicity, and the Irish politician is no different from any other. But there are ways and means of achieving it, or perhaps, as in the case of the late Ned Brennan, ways and means of ensuring it.

At one stage in his chequered career this Dublin councillor and ex-TD was somewhat edgy about his electoral support. He also wasn't too happy with his portrayal in the media. He needed to chalk up a few points in his favour so he decided to take the press in his own hands. Down he went to a local paper with his neatly written news reports - espousing his own virtues of course.

The editor of this short-lived publication was hard up for cash. He was almost as often short of a few stories to fill out his paper as Brennan was the Editor. The stories changed hands with the Editor promising not too sincerely to do his best to fit them in.

It was not until the question of payment was raised by Brennan that real sincerity entered the Editor's head. Certainly, he'd print, "How much?" the councillor mumbled. The Editor looked at the floor, temporarily held back. Even he had certain ethical standards. Brennan shifted uncomfortably. "£50" somebody muttered. Done. The money changed hands. The stories were printed.

How Bord na Mona sold the "old sod"

All wrapped up with someplace to go, Irishturf is counting down the weeks to its launch onto the US market. Americans will no longer have to come to Ireland to enjoy the heat of the "old sod". Now they'll be able to buy their bale of briquettes down at the local dime store!

Bord na Mona are planning to export these pieces of Ireland in 5kg bales. That's less than half the size of the bale available here. But while the Americans may not get as much turf for their money, they'll get something else not yet available to the Irish consumer; gift-wrapped briquettes.

Instead of a mean orange wrap-around the Americans will buy their turf in bright gleaming boxes, decorated by what a Bord na Mona spokesman called "images of Ireland". The Bord's images are "rural pasture scenes, haystacks, thatched cottages and rolling hills". Then, inside the box along with the story of Irish boglands there's even more polythene wrapping.

It's a shame Bord na Mona's ex-employees weren't as well protected as this American-bound turf!



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